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Holding the Line on Wages

The War Manpower Commission has taken a long step toward compulsion for American labor. Broadly speaking, no one henceforth may leave an essential job for higher pay in a nonessential one. Transfers from one essential job to another for more money are also forbidden. Since in most cases people change their jobs under the inducement of higher pay, this will have the effect of freezing in their present work some 27,000,000 people.

That something needed to be done had long been plain. The turnover among war workers has been tremendous; rates of pay have not been uniform and have not been constant with the relative importance of various types of war production. It is obvious that there are many loopholes in the new order, and on the whole this is desirable. The regulations will need to be applied with discretion to avoid individual cases of hardship. Probably at first there will be confusion and justified criticism of local situations. But the country will need to be patient. The alternative to this plan is a hard-and-fast national service act such as exists in Great Britain and in every other important country in the war, on either side. Even the British law, milder in its operation than those in most other belligerent countries, gives the government complete authority over every man and woman. In theory at least, they must work wherever they are told, under whatever conditions and rates of pay may be prescribed. Such rigid mobilization goes against the grain in free and easy America. Yet the war tasks must be done; workers must be sopped up from the nonessential industries into the essential ones. (The list of the latter seems to us unnecessarily wide, but no doubt it is better to err on the side of liberality.) If we can't make this comparatively mild degree of compulsion work, we shall have to accept a law with sharper teeth.

Work or Fight

With the new ruling that freezes jobs, we hope it will now be possible to end one of the most obnoxious aspects of the handling of war manpower—using induction into the army as a club with which to threaten individuals who fail to go into war work. To serve one's country in the armed forces ought to be the supreme patriotic service anyone can render; it is outrageous that it should be made roughly the equivalent of a five-year term in jail. It was bad enough when some stupid judge in a petty court used to give a minor offender his choice of a prison sentence or marching around to the nearest recruiting office; but it is really shocking when Selective Service bullies men into agriculture, or war plants, by threatening to put them into uniform. Let's have no more of it.

Isolationists in the Senate

The Associated Press has asked most of the members of the United States Senate the question: "Do you favor committing the Senate and country now to a post-war course of preserving the peace through an international police force?" Thirty-two Senators were recorded as being in general opposed to the idea. Twenty-four voted yes, thirty-two others declined to commit themselves and eight could not be reached.

It would be a mistake to take this poll too seriously, coming at this time. It is true that thirty-two Senators, constituting one-third of the total membership, could

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block ratification of any treaty. However, some of the thirty-two who voted no, did so on grounds other than simple isolationism. Some thought it was too early to discuss the question; others wanted to know what sort of international police force. We would not deny that there is a powerful isolationist bloc in the Senate, just as there are many isolationists throughout the country as a whole. But it is nonsense to say that the battle for world coöperation to keep the peace has already been lost.

Everything depends, in our judgment, on how the war goes. Specifically, the isolationists are helped by every indication that this is not a war for democracy, but one for the *status quo*. When Great Britain announces she will keep Hong Kong indefinitely or Mr. Churchill makes a statement hostile to freedom for India, the isolationists' hands are strengthened. So they are when Russia and Poland start squabbling over a strip of territory. So they are when the American State Department professes to see no moral values in the struggle against French or Spanish fascism, or tries to force the Austrians to fight under Otto.

The Bermuda Conference

Among those who hourly are dying in the European slaughterhouse are men, women and children who perish not because they are soldiers or underground fighters or members of this or that nationality (although many of them fall into one or another of these categories) but solely because they are Jews. As Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein says elsewhere in these pages, "The Jewish problem in Europe is a challenge to the conscience of the Western world."

The British-American Conference on the Refugee Problem, which is now being held in Bermuda, is intended to meet his challenge to our consciences. However, as Alexander Uhl points out in PM, Jewish organizations in New York were not sanguine, as the Congress opened, over the possible results. No Jewish organizations are represented and the conference is purely exploratory, can make no decisions and must submit whatever recommendations it may have to the executive committee of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees. Meanwhile the hourly slaughter of the Jews goes on.

We hope that our reservations about the conference will turn out to have been ill founded, but we recall the Evian and other such fruitless meetings. And whatever good intentions we or the British may possess, the sad truth is that no concrete haven has been offered the Jews and the British government still refuses to open Palestine to the amount of Jewish immigration that would solve the problem. The need is for an immediate effort to save the remaining Jews from the Axis hangmen and the allocation of a specific haven for those who are rescued. We hope, but mindful of the past and of the limited nature of the present conference, we predict that the Jews will doubtless have need again of their ancestral patience and forbearance.

Grade Labeling

An issue of great importance in Washington today is that of grade labeling, under which consumers can know what quality of goods they are buying. In the past, big manufacturers have always succeeded in preventing the passage of any law to make such labeling compulsory. It is of course more desirable than ever in wartime, when hundred of items have been kept at fixed ceiling prices but have had the quality reduced. Prentiss Brown, the new price administrator, doesn't seem to know what he thinks on this subject. Summoned before the "blank check" Smith Committee a few days ago, he suggested a compromise whereby grades would not be identified on the goods themselves, for consumers, but would be specified on the retailer's invoice so that he could tell the consumer—if he wanted to. Brown also suggested wistfully that Congress ought to pass on this matter, adding that he recognized he must do so if Congress doesn't. He is right; the question is too important to go by default.

Economists and Congressmen

Twelve hundred American economists have signed a joint memorial to Congress in favor of the Hull program of reciprocal trade treaties. Among them are practically every American economist you ever heard of, and a great many that you haven't. We think these gentlemen are wholly right, and their document an admirable one; and we sincerely hope that it will not do more harm than good. Unluckily, to a large proportion of the members of Congress, the phrase "college professor" has the traditional effect erroneously supposed to be exerted by a red rag on a bull. These members of our national legislature are ignorant and proud of it. They don't want to know the facts on any subject, and they certainly don't want these facts told them by a professor who has never had to meet a pay roll in his life. (Very few congressmen have undergone this mystic but illuminating experience either, but no one ever mentions that fact.) The economists might have been more efficient if they had used an unthinkable Machiavellian device and brought out a memorial *against* the trade treaties. Thereupon the members of a congressional majority might well have said: "If all the men who know anything about it are against this program, I guess I'm for it."

Crying "Wolf!" About Air Raids

We are good and sick and tired of dark prophecies that the Nazis are about to bomb New York or Boston or some other part of the Eastern seaboard. For all we know to the contrary, the threats may be true, and these American cities may be raided at any minute. We remember, however, that these predictions have been

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made almost daily now for sixteen months. We remember, too, that raids from the European mainland could only be performed by a small suicide squad, probably doing little damage, and that even if Germany has an aircraft-carrier available, the chance of its getting close enough to the American continent without detection is small. The Germans know very well that any such raid would make the Americans angry and would greatly intensify our war effort. If they are stupid enough to try it, all right. The people we want to muzzle are the American orators who, having nothing else in particular to say, delight in crying "Wolf!" They don't improve American morale by doing so. They don't even improve the defenses against air raids, which by now are presumably as good as can be expected. In short, they are wasting their time and ours, and we wish they would shut up.

Will There Be Enough Food?

The most important single issue on the home front is whether we shall have enough food. It is disturbing therefore to find that Wayne Darrow, chief of the Agricultural Labor Administration of the Department of Agriculture, has resigned on the ground that what Congress is doing about food is grossly inadequate and will lead to failure. We understand that Mr. Darrow believes the task of mobilizing farm labor for this year's crop ought not to be turned over to the Agricultural Extension Service, and should get far more than the few million dollars Congress seems in a mood to appropriate. Mr. Darrow speaks as an expert; the fact that he is so pessimistic is a matter for concern.

Protection for Civilians

With every week that goes by, the importance of rationalizing the production of civilian supplies becomes more clear. The needs of the fighting forces obviously come first; no civilian should have more than the absolute minimum necessary for survival; but that minimum is just as important in the long run as it is to get food and equipment to the soldiers themselves. We have reported the earlier Washington developments affecting this part of our war economy, most importantly the Maloney bill to establish an independent Civilian Supply Administration with equal representation for civilians at the top policy level, with army, navy, lend-lease and war production. Last week Donald Nelson petulantly told the Maloney Committee he wanted to keep the Office of Civilian Supply under his own wing, where in fact it now languishes. Rubber Tsar Jeffers testified in opposition to Nelson. But Nelson shrewdly did not stop with testimony but began to act. He let the story leak out that Arthur Whiteside, president of Dun and Bradstreet, Inc., might become head of the OCS under him, which, it was inferred, would give civilians the protection they need.

The nominee, Whiteside, is not a war-production newcomer. He headed the old OPM Iron and Steel Branch for the latter half of 1941. That was when the spotlight was on conversion and on the Gano Dunn report saying that all was right with steel and we wouldn't be caught short on that, at least. Whiteside wasn't right then and there is little reason to believe that his appointment to the civilian-supply hot spot would correct that situation now. Economic Stabilizer Byrnes, whom the Maloney bill would make civilian-supply chief, has not spoken, and cannot properly speak, in favor of the measure; but indications are that he wants it, does not intend to stick his neck out for it, and is willing to endure a few months' delay if that is the price of keeping silent now.

Meanwhile, civilians will begin to feel the pinch of being planless against military plans long before that. The AFL, the CIO and numerous other groups last week indicated their intention of being counted on the side of the Maloney bill for a Civilian Supply Agency when the chips are down.

Five Soldiers

Several hundred veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, which fought for the Loyalists in Spain, are now serving in the American armed forces. Most of them make excellent soldiers, partly because of their military experience in Spain and partly because they know exactly what they are fighting against. Some of them, however, have had curious and humiliating experiences that nobody has explained. The War Department denies that there has been any discrimination against them, but here are five cases that were listed by Drew Pearson in his Washington Merry-Go-Round. He says that all except the last are typical:

John Gates, who was a lieutenant-colonel in Spain, enlisted as a private in the United States Army a little more than a year ago. At Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, where he became a sergeant, he was known as the best soldier in his armored division (and we have received this same report from independent sources). Just before his unit was ordered overseas, his commander received a telegram from the Adjutant-General transferring Gates to a service battalion. What this means as a general rule is kitchen police, cleaning stables and doing manual labor for the duration. Two lieutenant-colonels interceded for Gates, but nothing happened.

George Cook, a lieutenant in the Lincoln Battalion, entered the Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Georgia. He stood high in his class, but in the eighth week of training he was suddenly transferred to the medical department, along with over-age men. No explanation. . . . Irving Fajans also made high marks at Fort Benning and had been permitted to buy his officer's uniform. The day before graduation he was transferred to the Fourth Service Command. . . . Alvin Warren, after completing his basic training at Fort Knox

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with a good record, was suddenly assigned to a company of limited-service men, including German aliens and others not permitted to enter combat units.

The fifth veteran is Hermann Boettcher, who was sent to the South Pacific in the early days of the war—Pearson says, before the present policy toward the men of the Lincoln Battalion had taken effect. After a particularly heroic exploit in New Guinea, Boettcher was made a captain on the spot and awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Purple Heart with Clusters. His example seems to suggest that the army may be losing some of its best fighters by keeping the other men at home.

Good Intentions in State

EVER SINCE THE Darlan pact, public opinion in America has been building a fire under State Department officials. And during the last few weeks they have responded to it by getting up and bearing testimony to their good intentions. There was a speech by Assistant Secretary Berle, denying that the State Department has any plans for the creation of European buffer states. There have been two speeches by Undersecretary Welles, both of them good, and an important letter by him to Professor Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard, reviewing the course of State Department policy. And last week, in response to Franco's proposal for a negotiated peace, Secretary Hull summarily referred to the "unconditional surrender" decision reached at Casablanca.

One cannot help feeling pleased with these statements, even though expressions of good intentions are generally to be found on every governmental blackberry bush. "Joy shall be in heaven," we have been told, "over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

This may therefore be a good occasion to attempt a rounded picture of State Department policy. We have never felt that any of the top-flight men who form it are fascists, and any charge of fascism that is brought against them is loose and irresponsible. These men are, like the rest of us, patriots according to their best lights. They have much to answer for, to be sure, in the blunders of their past policy of appeasement, especially in failing to lift the embargo on war goods to Spain and failing to clamp it down on similar goods to Japan. But we are ready to believe that these were honest blunders, and that they proceeded not from any desire to see fascist power spread, but from a failure to analyze adequately the techniques by which it meant to succeed and the measures that had to be taken to hem it in and destroy it.

These past blunders have created many of their present difficulties. This holds true of the need to buy off the Vichy group in North Africa, who should never have been permitted to entrench themselves. And it holds true of the need for buying off Franco, so that his armies will not attack ours through Spanish Morocco. And let us add the assumption that the General Staff has asked the State Department officials to ensure them diplomatically against attack from the rear by the Spanish Fascists.

But to have one's immediate goals set by the compulsion of events is one thing; to surrender to the enemy also one's techniques and ultimate values is quite another. We have all along felt that while it may have been necessary, after the North African landings, to buy out Darlan and his group, it was not necessary to do it on his own terms. We came as the conquerors, and we could have insisted on our own terms. Similarly, while it may be necessary to keep Franco from actively aiding Hitler now, there is no necessity to strengthen his regime by honeyed words about it from our ambassador. A note of realism was injected into the discussion of the whole Spanish situation by the Soviet ambassador, Maxim Litvinov, who took the occasion to say in Cuba last week—for the consumption of the whole Latin American world—that for the Soviet people Franco was an enemy, and that his Blue Division was in Russia killing Russian soldiers.

Franco and his spokesmen still continue, even in their peace proposals such as that contained in the speech of Foreign Minister Gomez de Jordana last week, to speak of Russian communism as the enemy. Nevertheless our Gen. Mark Clark, who seems to have been designated as the general we use for undercover military diplomacy, crossed into Spanish Morocco for conferences with Franco's generals. And, even more ominously, Winston Churchill held a reception in London for the Spanish ambassador at which ranking members of the General Staff were present along with high ministers of state. Add to this the diplomatic travels of Archbishop Spellman, still unexplained. In the light of all this it is difficult to take Secretary Hull's response to the Spanish proposal for a negotiated peace—made by avowed enemies of Russia, and stating that the war against Russia would be carried on—as wholly disposing of the matter.

In short, at the very moment when the State Department heads seek to reassure us as to their intentions, new enigmas continue to arise which cast doubt upon whether the State Department is seeking to create a democratic and militantly anti-fascist post-war Europe or is shaping a new world in the image of its fears of democratic regimes.

President Roosevelt is reported, perhaps apocryphally, to have said in commenting on the whole policy being followed now in North Africa and Europe, that it is permissible to walk with the Devil across the bridge. This seems more than just a story, and takes on authenticity from the tone of Mr. Welles's assurances that our collaboration with the enemies of our allies,

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and with those who have collaborated with our own enemies, is only temporary and purely opportunistic.

Perhaps the President and Mr. Welles should read again Stephen Benét's famous folk story, "The Devil and Daniel Webster." The Devil is a tenacious fellow, and once he has his arm linked with yours, there is no certainty that it is you who will pull him your way rather than he who will pull you his. The whole business of walking with the Devil seems to us grotesque at a time when our armies are on the march, when we are moving toward victory rather than defeat, and when we are getting ready for a European invasion in which our political prestige must prove one of the weapons.

Struggle in the OWI

THE SMOLDERING QUARREL in the Office of War Information has at last flared up in public. Fifteen members of the staff, including some well known writers, have resigned. They have issued a public statement denying several unauthorized reports regarding the reason for the dispute. "There is only one issue," they say, "—the deep and fundamental one of the honest presentation of war information. We are leaving because of our conviction that it is impossible for us under those who now control our output to tell the full truth.

"No one denies that promotional techniques have a proper and powerful function in telling the story of the war. But as we see it, the activities of OWI on the home front are now dominated by high-pressure promoters who prefer slick salesmanship to honest information. . . ."

Elmer Davis flatly denies the truth of this charge. He says "We deal in one plain commodity—the facts the people of this country need to win the war. . . . All facts must be presented accurately and in proper proportion. Emotional appeals of the type usually associated with promotional activities are not applicable to war problems." Mr. Davis went on to name—and support—the three men most criticized by those who resigned: Gardner Cowles Jr., William B. Lewis and James Allen.

There are two issues here, tangled up together—the question of facts and that of principles. The men who are resigning say that a typical important incident, but not the only one, was a pamphlet prepared last January dealing with the food question. This pamphlet took a rather grim view of the food supply, and was held up, primarily by Secretary Wickard. Two sets of authorities in Washington failed to agree on the statistics about the food shortages, and the pamphlet was finally discarded. A new one, prepared by other workers in the OWI, was made public on April 15 and reported in percentage terms shortages in various items no worse than most Americans had already learned to expect.

It is curious that neither side in this angry quarrel has said anything about just what is the job the OWI is supposed to do. This is partly because it has never had very clear sailing orders. It was set up, it will be remembered, because several competing agencies were performing overlapping functions and spending much of their time cutting one another's throats. None of them had ever been given any definite directive, and this is also true of the OWI itself. The unfortunate Elmer Davis was ordered to Washington against his wishes, as a matter of patriotism, and then thrown into the stormy sea of power politics to sink or swim.

Three major functions for the OWI are readily perceptible. The first of these is to make propaganda among our enemies and the inhabitants of enemy-occupied countries. It is hard to judge how well this work is being done, since much of it is secret. There is a general impression that it is clumsy and inefficient; but ten times more serious than clumsiness or inefficiency is the fact that the United Nations have never formally subscribed to any clear, vivid democratic peace aims which could be used to encourage our friends in enemy-occupied lands and to discourage our foes. When the State Department with seeming eagerness plays ball with the Fascists in North Africa and Spain, it counterbalances, by fifty times and at one stroke, all the good that the propagandists could do in six months. At the same time there is of course one fundamental fact that is irresistibly on our side: we propose to win the war and liberate all the conquered peoples. However much we discourage them about our principles, they are still bound to us by this grim and ultimate necessity.

The second job for the OWI is to report the progress of the war to the American people. This is the aspect of which Elmer Davis thinks almost exclusively. It seems perfectly clear that our citizens should be told the truth and the whole truth about how the war is going, though not necessarily at the first instant after it has happened. Here the OWI has to fight a whole battery of entrenched interests other than the advocates of sugar coating, within its own ranks. Most of the high army and navy officers don't understand public opinion and, left to their own devices, would conceal far more than is justified by military reasons—partly from conservatism, partly to cover up their own mistakes. Many civilian departments of the government are also reluctant to publish the facts, for the same reasons.

Whether the material forced out of evasive sources by the OWI is distributed in the columns of newspapers or in pamphlets and otherwise, is a technical detail of little importance. Doubtless all media should be used. The OWI has been hampered to some extent in the use of the press by the fact that the great majority of important newspapers and magazines are anti-Roosevelt and anti-New Deal. Over the years they have built up a habit of belittling the achievements of all Washington bureaus, and they don't distinguish readily between peacetime projects of the New Deal and war activities

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of which, in theory, they are in favor. Their attitude has been intensified because, in the Northern cities at least, the publishers are largely Republicans and they now smell blood, believing they will have a victory in the presidential election of 1944. Very few of them have the scrupulous fairness of such a paper as The New York Herald Tribune, which draws a sharp line between its normal Republican partisanship and its patriotic obligation to support the Commander-in-Chief.

The third function for the OWI is to obtain action from the American public on specific matters at specific moments—on buying war bonds, refraining from hoarding, saving rubber, and so on. Here the technique of the advertising man seems to be indicated. Most American intellectuals, whether liberals or not, dislike advertising and are reluctant to admit that it has any merits. The plain fact remains, however, that advertising has induced many millions of Americans to take all sorts of action, and that any other technique that might be tried would be an experiment of a sort that is dangerous in wartime.

If it is true that advertising ought to be used, what about advertising men? Here we must draw a sharp line between the rank-and-file technicians of the advertising world and the few top executives who have been seen and heard in Washington. Most rank-and-file advertising men and women are a good deal more liberal than their occupation, and doubtless this is true also of some of the top executives. As for the others, no doubt they are, every one, intensely patriotic and sincere. Yet the ingrained habits of many years are so strong in them that we may question whether it is possible to use them, as advertising men, without danger.

Like the newspaper publishers, these men are mostly conservative Republicans. They are bitterly hostile to President Roosevelt and to the New Deal. They don't distinguish very clearly between peacetime New Deal measures and the actions necessary for total mobilization for war. There is concrete evidence that in some cases these men have sabotaged advertising efforts of the federal government for personal political reasons. Beyond that, they are almost incurable advocates of business-as-usual. Some of them have made decisions in Washington which, on the face of the facts, would seem to be in the interest of advertising rather than of winning the war.

An apparent example of this is the case of Lou Maxon, a Detroit advertising man, called in by Prentiss Brown of the OPA. One of the first questions on which he was consulted was grade labeling of consumers' goods: our readers don't need to be told how urgently desirable this is, and doubly so in wartime. Mr. Maxon promptly decided against it, a decision presumably to the great advantage of many big clients of big advertising agencies, including the H. J. Heinz Company, handled by the Maxon agency. Probably Mr. Maxon never heard of the Supreme Court rule by which no Justice ever sits in a case with which he had any connection, no matter how remote, before coming to the Court.

Another reason to question the usefulness of top advertising men in the OWI and other agencies is the bad record that advertising has made on its own private grounds in the war thus far. On the whole, the advertising of firms with war contracts has been a melancholy record of vulgar boasting, false self-praise and dangerous complacency. It is not surprising that many people look askance at the idea that the same men who have performed so badly for private clients should take over an important sector of the government's activities. Luckily, we can mobilize the advertising profession without using these men, few of whom are among the competent craftsmen in their own business.

But the most important matter is still the question, not of how the OWI talks, but what it has to talk about. The only person who can provide the necessary materials, who can make it clear that this is a war for democratic principles and not merely an opportunistic struggle to beat two particular fascist regimes in Europe and one in Asia, is the President himself. He should act soon.

American History in the Schools

We hope that no one will take for more than it is worth the excited discovery of the usually placid New York Times that college freshmen are ignorant of many of the details of our nation's history. The Times questionnaire, which was answered by 7,000 students in thirty-six colleges, defined rather narrowly the scope of American history and it seems to have been taken by the students without the controls essential to ensure serious answers. It has been observed that similar tests in the "fundamentals" of mathematics, English literature, modern languages and other basic studies in the curricula of our high schools would doubtless show like results. But the inadequacy of American education hardly comes under the heading of news to those acquainted with the subject. The reasons for this are many: two in particular are the inequality of educational opportunity and the ambiguous economic and social status of the teacher in a business civilization, which account for so much of the "faulty teaching" decried by most of those who were asked to comment.

The Times survey, however, from the nature of the questionnaire and the predilections of its sponsors, seems primarily designed to discredit the so-called "social-studies extremists," and to plump for a return to a detailed chronological method of teaching American history. We have no way of knowing to what extent the inroads of the social sciences upon old-fashioned historical studies are responsible for the lack of knowledge revealed by the survey. The old methods employing the chronological textbooks of Guitteau and Muz-

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zey and the like still obtain in many of our secondary schools, and we would like to know if students subjected to this method of teaching American history did better or worse than those exposed to the textbooks of Harold Rugg, who is undoubtedly one of the targets against whom the Times survey is directed.

That more time should be devoted to the teaching of American history and that the quality of the teaching should and can be improved we have no doubts. We hope, however, that discussion of the matter will not be limited to a knock-down and drag-out battle between the "fundamentalists" and the "social-studies extremists." There are more basic issues involved, including the very nature and status of education and the role and value of historical studies in the curriculum. The appeal to history, the overintent gazing upon the national navel, is filled with dangers, as every student of hyper-nationalistic and fascist culture knows. To circumvent these dangers requires the clearest kind of understanding of the meaning and use of history, and such understanding is likely to be possessed only by teachers who are well trained, respected and secure.

We earnestly hope that a knowledge of the history of our land and its people in all its ambivalence and complexity can be the possession of every American, not only for what it can contribute to an understanding of our present discontent but also for its own rich record of human experience.

Hold the Line on Rents

LAST WEEK the National Association of Real Estate Boards was recovering from a severe kick in the teeth administered by Price Administrator Prentiss Brown. The NARB's brain chief, Herbert Nelson, had brought forth a four-point plan for reforming the present rent-control program. It called for: local "citizen" committees with appellate power over the OPA's local rent officials; 10-percent down payments in home purchases instead of the present one-third; "a more realistic attitude in computing costs"; "a broader attitude in the fair administration of the law on the part of the OPA." In other words, Herb Nelson wanted the final say-so in the government's rent-control program. He and his real-estators do not have it now, and according to Prentiss Brown's ruling of last week, they are not to have it in the future.

The OPA rent program has not been free from mistakes of administration. But it does represent an honest effort to give the average tenant the odds in his tough race against inflation. The best evidence that the OPA has done a reasonably good job for the tenant is the NARB's efforts to wipe out the program.

Last week President R. J. Thomas of the United Auto Workers (CIO) brought out into the open what had only been whispered Washington gossip before. In a letter to Price Administrator Brown, Thomas had this to say on behalf of the 979,000 members of the UAW who live and work in communities in which there are serious housing shortages:

> It has come to our attention that the National Association of Real Estate Boards are secretly sponsoring a congressional bill which would transfer the administration of rent control from your office to that of the National Housing Agency. The purpose of this sponsorship is obvious. It is one of the many devices by which the real-estate industry hopes to scuttle your successful rent-control program. Unable to get successful action on the half-dozen bills they have already sponsored, they are resorting to tactics which would throw a comparatively smooth-running function into the confusion and delay characteristic of the National Housing Agency and its entire defense housing program, both governmental and private.

Feelers for this "secretly sponsored" bill were put out the other day through the Smith "blank check" Committee, established several months ago with authority to investigate almost any part of the executive arm of the government it chooses. In a "secret" executive session, a subcommittee of the Smith Committee heard representatives of the National Association of Real Estate Boards and of the National Housing Agency discuss the OPA's rent-control program.

Apparently Herb Nelson and the NARB know that the OPA intends to hold the rent-control sector, and they are therefore transferring their pressures to Capitol Hill. They are out to win "administrative changes" in line with their own plans through congressional action, since it is clear that Prentiss Brown won't be pushed around on this issue. The subcommittee of the Smith Committee, which the realtors evidently think is going to help them, is composed of Reps. John J. Delaney of New York, Fred A. Hartley of New Jersey and John Jennings Jr. of Tennessee, who should be interested in hearing from tenants about rent prices and what should be done about them.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
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What Hope for the Jews?

THE JEWISH PROBLEM in Europe is a challenge to the conscience of the Western world. So long as Jews are slaughtered in cold blood, so long as democratic nations refuse to take them in, the Christian conscience carries a heavy burden of guilt. From this it will not be free until the problem will have been solved on the basis not of philanthropy, but of justice.

The Jewish question is a challenge also to the statesmanship of the Western world because it is a continually unsettling factor in international affairs. Demagogues have ridden into power on the crest of waves of anti-Semitism. The presence of a defenseless distinguishable minority like the Jews has been a constant temptation to ruling classes. They have often found it easier to divert their peoples to prejudice than to solve their real problems. The forcible expulsion of Jews has pushed unwanted immigrants into many countries where their very presence evoked outbreaks of belligerent nationalism. The solution of the Jewish problem is one of the bases of a just and enduring peace.

Will victory solve the problem? Certainly there is no hope for the Jews without victory. Hitler has set out to destroy them, and unless he is defeated, they may not survive. He has perpetrated such mass murder as is unprecedented even in the tragic history of the Jewish people. His nihilism is dynamic, and must be fed upon continuous aggression. Obviously, the destruction of Hitlerism is the *sine qua non* of Jewish survival. But the defeat of the Nazis will not solve the Jewish problem in those countries where, in its most aggravated form, it existed long before Hitlerism was born. In the more enlightened and democratic countries of Northwestern Europe where small Jewish populations have lived in peace and freedom for generations, there is good reason to anticipate the restoration of Jewish rights when the war is ended. However, the total Jewish population of Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France and England was exceeded by the pre-war Jewish population of Rumania alone, which in turn was only one-fourth the size of Polish Jewry. Will victory bring freedom and security for these great masses of Jews, at least those who will survive in Central and Eastern Europe?

History lends little justification for such a hope. The Allied Nations were victorious over Germany in the First World War. They granted the Jews equality of status all over Europe. Emancipated peoples such as the Poles signed exemplary minority treaties guaranteeing equal rights to the Jews. But no treaties, no pious hopes or fervent pleas could eliminate the historic anti-Semitism of Europe. The Jewish position steadily deteriorated until it became far worse before the Second World War than it was before the First. Although it assumed its most virulent form in Germany, it evoked riots, cold pogroms, devastating discrimination, in Poland, Rumania and other lands. Neither victory nor peace conferences can of themselves guarantee Jews security, dignity and liberty which the native populations are unwilling to grant them.

This too is the lesson of history—that for nineteen hundred years the Jews have been ill at ease in Europe. They have known no prolonged period of well-being there. In 1290 they were expelled from England; in 1390 from France; in 1492 from Spain. At the whim of rulers, as scapegoats for defeat, as diversion from poverty, they have been driven from land to land like leaves before the wind. And their position is worse today than it has been in all their history.

What reason is there to assume that this historic process will be reversed by the present war? Certainly there are in every country liberal democratic forces that are opposed to anti-Semitism. But they have been impotent in the past to prevent it and they will be no more effective in the future. In the very midst of this war for Polish freedom, anti-Semitism is rife in the Polish army. The mistreatment of Jewish soldiers in the forces of Free Poland has been reported in several places by well authenticated sources. There is a strong undercurrent of anti-Semitism in the Polish National Council, and outside that body are political parties with the avowed purpose of preventing Jews from obtaining equality in post-war Poland. And Jews were so completely extirpated from their positions in the Polish economy not only during but even before the war, they were left so few roots in the Polish soil, that, unlike the Polish peasants, they have nothing to return to.

Inside Germany, anti-Semitism has taken so profound a hold upon the youth that they do not even know the word Jew as a name but only as a stigma. In Hungary, the Premier has publicly stated that so long as he can hold power, Jews will never own land there again. Even in democratic Czecho-Slovakia its leaders in exile say that although Jews may be restored to political equality, they cannot hope for the reconstitution of their positions in the economic order.

Certainly, this should evoke indignation. But is indignation enough? Are we not confronted with a stubborn historic fact that goes deeper than anger or pity? There is no space in this brief article to analyze the factors that have produced this anti-Semitism. Nor is there point at this late date in assaying praise or blame. The simple fact is that the mass of Jews are as homeless and as unhappy in Europe as they were when they entered it millennia ago. No war, no peace conference will change that elemental fact.

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Certainly, once again, everything should be done to obtain for Jews as for all other oppressed peoples equal rights, in principle at least, everywhere in the world. But facing the steady deterioration of the Jewish position in Europe since the First World War and the persistence of anti-Semitism during the Second, there is little on the European horizon to which the mass of Jews can look with hope.

That is why wherever Jews are miserable in ghettos, wherever they are herded like animals in concentration camps, wherever they cringe beneath the lash of their taskmasters, they utter but one cry, they affirm the single hope—Palestine. This letter recently received from a youth in Warsaw is typical: "My days are numbered. I fear I am doomed. But if I die, it will be with Eretz Israel [the Land of Israel] on my lips." Western visionaries far removed from the realities may continue to hope for some miraculous revolution in the human heart when the war is ended, but the Jews of Europe know better than to put faith in such pretty illusions. Bitter experience has taught them that any program that is designed to keep them in Central and Eastern Europe simply consigns them to their doom. For these Jews it is literally Palestine or death.

The one hopeful aspect on the dark Jewish horizon is that there is a home—there is Palestine. Where could Jews go in this world of closed doors if it were not for the Homeland? What hope would sustain them when they find that even now, in the very midst of this war for the four freedoms, the friendliest nations have made plain that they will not welcome Jewish immigration when the war is ended? With Palestine to turn to, European Jewry will survive this war. Without it, their fate would be sealed.

Since the close of the First World War more than half a million Jews have entered Palestine, more than were admitted to all of the other countries of the world combined. Where else could they have gone? Where will Jews go now? Will Bermuda be different from Evian, where all the powers agreed only on one thing —not to accept Jews? Is there anything in the recent actions by the American Legion and the United States Congress, in Prime Minister Churchill's statement on the refugee problem, in the outbursts of anti-Semitism in South America, to give the slightest basis for hope that large numbers of homeless Jews will be welcomed anywhere after this war—except by their fellow Jews in Palestine?

The vision of the Zionists has proved to be the soundest realism. They saw most clearly into the essence of the problem, the homelessness of the European Jew, and they provided the logical answer—a home. The great pity is that political factors bound up with the whole policy of appeasement permitted no more than half a million Jews to go home. Hundreds of thousands of other Jews are dead today, and millions of others are in slavery who, with international help, might have been alive and free in Palestine now. This, too, should rest heavily upon the conscience of the Western world.

The hope of Zionism, the purpose of the Balfour Declaration, was to right an ancient wrong, to normalize the life of an abnormal people. This is what has been done for all those whom the new Palestine has touched. For them, the Jewish problem has ceased to be something negative: how they can fight anti-Semitism, how they can escape to a place where there is less of it. They have come home, and the sense of being on their own soil has washed clean the scars of the ghetto. I once heard the conversation of two boys who were standing before a theatre billboard in Tel Aviv announcing the Sholom Aleichem play, "It's Hard to Be a Jew." One of these boys turned to his companion and said, "But why is it hard to be a Jew?" So quickly had a home made them whole.

The establishment of a Jewish homeland approaches the Jewish problem positively, constructively. The question is no longer where can a limited number of Jewish refugees be squeezed in, contrary to the wishes of the native population. For that obviously reproduces in the new country the very conditions from which the Jews were compelled to flee in the old. Nor is it the approach that is involved in sending unwanted Jews to tropical or subtropical lands where white men cannot hope to compete successfully with the dark populations, and where the Jews who will have been sent there, contrary to their own wishes, will not have the motivation to succeed and will blame others when they fail. In Palestine the Jews have come to the land of their own choice, to the soil which their own people have forever hallowed, to the one land where they belong, in Churchill's immortal phase—"as of right and not on suffrance." Immigration to Palestine for a Jew is a positive act of faith, not a negative escape from fate. It is an instrument of the renascence of his people.

As a result, in Palestine alone Jews under attack have not run away. They have sunk their roots more deeply into the earth. They have established outlying new colonies in the very teeth of danger. They have produced brave new types like the American frontiersmen. They have insisted on doing their own hard work, not exploiting cheap native labor. They have endured terror and malaria, hardship and obstructionism. And they of all the old-world Jewries are emerging from this crisis the one great promising Jewish community of the future.

Even in the midst of war, their progress has been unabated. Since 1939 Jewish land under irrigation has increased 50 percent. Production of vegetables has trebled. The potato yield increased 500 percent. And the fisheries have increased their catch by 400 percent. The Jewish economy of Palestine has become self-sustaining. It is also providing foodstuffs and industrial

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and chemical products for the armies of the United Nations. The authorities have quickly recognized that the Jewish National Home is no longer an experiment; that it is one of the constructive factors in the Allied war effort. The British have not yet granted the right of the Jews to an armed force under their own flag, but the Jews have found other ways of contributing to the war effort. Since there was no conscription in Palestine, Jews chose to enlist even while protesting against British policies, in order to do their part in the war. More than thirty thousand of them have enlisted in the various branches of the Allied forces in the Near East. The Jews are only one-third of the population of Palestine, but among those who have enlisted from Palestine, they constitute four-fifths, and their women are 98 percent of all Palestinian women who have entered the armed forces. Palestine Jewish units have been formed within the British Army and are officered by Jews. There are battalions in infantry companies, batteries in artillery. Altogether, there are some sixty companies of Jews. They have served valiantly and their heroism stands in striking contrast to the indifference and the antagonism of the Arabs, who are waiting only to see which side is likely to win before they put forth their claims. To reward them and to deny the Jews would be rank injustice.

The Arab problem in Palestine is not insoluble. For it is not economic or social. The Jews have steadily improved the lot of the Arabs in Palestine so that they are now the best circumstanced Arab people in the Near East. Their standard of living is higher and their literacy and death rates are lower than those of all other Arabs. Their population in Palestine has steadily increased both through the reduction in the death rate and through the seeping of other Arabs into Palestine to share the benefits which the Jews have brought.

The problem is political and it can be solved. It can be solved by the reaffirmation for all time of full equality of rights for Arabs as well as Jews in Palestine so that even when there will be a Jewish majority, the Arabs will be assured their basic rights. It can be solved by granting to the Jews the right to determine their own immigration in consultation with such international authorities as will be set up after the war to deal with such problems. It can be solved if, when the surviving Jews of Europe have found a home in Palestine, it will be set up as a free commonwealth in a world of free commonwealths, prepared to play its rightful part in a Near Eastern federation or a League of Nations or both.

In this solution there is no injustice for the Arabs. With little effort or sacrifice, they obtained since the First World War a territory nearly half the size of Europe for a population of some fifteen millions. Their lands are neglected, and the populations are sparse. Only in this, the smallest of these Near Eastern countries, is it proposed to enable another people to establish a home and some day to become a majority. The only sacrifice a small number of Arabs are called upon to make is to accept the possibility, without yielding any of their rights, that some day they will be a minority in Palestin. As against this must be placed the historic homelessness of the Jews and the ineffable tragedy which is their today. Where is the greater injustice?

In fact, it would be an injustice to the Arabs not to expose them to the inspiration and the example of Jewish social idealism and scientific progress in Palestine. In "One World" Wendell Willkie, after deploring the "technological backwardness along with poverty and squalor" of the Middle East, states that "the only major exceptions to this one finds in the developments, industrial, agricultural and cultural, which have been made under the supervision of the world Zionist movement." Mr. Willkie with his keen perception has grasped the essential fact—namely, that in Palestine the Jews are showing the Arab peoples the way to the free world of tomorrow.

The leaders of the United Nations must accept the fact that Palestine is indispensable for the solution of the European Jewish problem. They will find it less costly in money, blood and irritation to act boldly in this direction than to indulge in a number of fantastic and futile schemes. This will take courage, determination and statesmanship. But this is the only constructive answer to the Jewish problem. For experts agree that with adequate political guarantees and economic assistance, millions of dispossessed Jews can find a home in Palestine. Nearly half the land is still uninhabited and can absorb more Jews in agriculture than are already deriving a livelihood from it. There are unlimited economic possibilities in industry and commerce, for the Jews are an ingenious people with a long experience in manufacturing and merchandising. Such possibilities for vast irrigation projects as have been proposed by Dr. Walter C. Lowdermilk, assistant chief of the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture, can make of the land another Southern California, as rich in resources, as fertile in soil, as full in population.

This is the long-range solution of the Jewish problem that promises to save the Jewish people. But it is also the answer to the immediate crucial needs. At this moment Jewish men, women and children are perishing because the gates of Palestine have been closed to them by British imperial politics. Let the aroused conscience of mankind demand an end to vacillation and sham. If the British and the American governments really mean to save the Jews, let them begin now, today, by opening the doors of Palestine to every Jew who can flee there. In this way alone will their protests against Nazi anti-Semitism have any meaning; in this way alone will they sustain stricken Jewry with hope.

PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

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The Negro Press

A GREAT DEAL has been said and written about the Negro press in the last year or two, but few white people have actually bothered to read it. And this includes a number of the writers who, in leading magazines and newspaper columns, have presumed to put the race press on warning. In most cases, what they have actually known about the Negro press, or truly understood, has been superficial. They have seen a number of blatant headlines which irate white readers or clipping services have mailed to them; they have bought a few issues of these newspapers and read them with a mounting indignation that passed all understanding; and those few who actually read the Negro press consistently over a long period have had the experience of watching it grow too big and tough for the focus of their prejudiced visions. They have accused the Negro press of creating something to which it has only given expression: the American Negro's drive for the freedoms, rights, privileges and human happiness for which the war itself is being fought.

An excellent, concise history of the race press, by Dr. W. E. B. DuBois of Atlanta University, has appeared recently in The Chicago Defender. It begins in 1827, when Samuel Cornish, first Negro graduate of an American college, and a man named John B. Russworm started The Freedman's Journal. The Negro journals didn't amount to much for a long time. The best ones were organs of personal opinion for individual editors, and the worst were scandal sheets and shakedowns. When the race press gained maturity, it began to feature personal news, so that Negroes might read of their friends in other cities.

The First World War brought a great change. Negroes demanded real news of Negroes in the war and the war's effect upon race issues. The Associated Negro Press and other agencies were formed, and the larger papers began to make sizable budgets for news-gathering. During the war, Dr. DuBois was editor of a weekly magazine, The Crisis. He had access to information, which none of the other journals could get, about the treatment of Negro soldiers in Washington, in Southern camps, and in France. In one month the magazine's circulation jumped to over 100,000, an extraordinary accomplishment for a small journal with meager backing. It is this same understandable hunger for wartime race news which is booming Negro newspapers today. A Negro buys a Negro paper to find out what happens to Negroes. If there are strong stories to tell, he wants them served up strong. Westbrook Pegler, Virginius Dabney and other critics have attacked the Negro press for giving the news a race slant and thereby damaging Negro morale. Race news in a great majority of cases is given the race slant right at the source. It is given a race slant, for example, by the big army generals who sit around a table in the War Department and turn down requests for experimental mixed units of white and black volunteers; requests emanating from responsible sources such as Bishop Bernard Sheil of Chicago, who came to his views on the race issue from observing the way mixed groups worked together in the athletic clubs of his diocese. In most cases where war stories have proved damaging to Negro morale, the damage was accomplished before the papers hit the street. When the crucial FEPC railroad hearings into the glaring discrimination against Negro firemen were canceled, the damage was accomplished as Paul McNutt announced the cancellation. It was foreordained the moment President Roosevelt accepted the word of a group of politicians and plausible Southerners in Washington who told him that righting a wrong against a group of Negro railroad firemen was going to hurt the war effort. This is how stories get race-angled.

The race press has grown up to fill a need as important to the Negro as the home-town paper to any white man. Since the World War, it has become an important implement of the Negro minority in making its pressure effective. The glaring light of publicity which the Negro press has focused for twenty years on crimes like lynching has been in good measure responsible for their decline. It was easier for white groups to get away with these things when a Negro could be swallowed up and no more heard of him, except for the muttered talk of his terrified friends.

Everybody knows about the five Sullivan brothers who were lost on a warship in the Pacific. We have all seen their pictures, five fine-looking young white men. The navy named a destroyer after the Sullivans. Does everybody know about the five Holden brothers who died on the battleship Arizona at Pearl Harbor? They were five of nine brothers in military service. It happened fifteen months ago. I read about it last week in The Chicago Defender. The Defender picked up and headlined a brief Associated Press story by John Moroso. The details were obscure and it took an AP reporter stationed with the Atlantic fleet to dig up a story that happened in the Pacific. The navy doesn't make heroes out of Negroes, nor do white newspapers.

How many white people know who Dorie Miller is? The name means as much to Negroes as Colin Kelly's does to white newspaper readers. The Negro press has built up more war morale with Dorie Miller's story than official Washington tears down in a month. He was the Negro messman who quit being a cook at Pearl Harbor and grabbed a machine gun. With bombs

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crashing, and terror and excitement in the air, Dorie Miller wanted to fight with a gun, like everybody else. And he did, against standing orders. The story was told with approval in the white press, along with the hundreds of other stories that came out of Pearl Harbor. At first the navy wouldn't reveal his name. The Negro press had to work hard to get it. Finally Dorie Miller got a medal, and the Negro people got a hero they could feel proud of.

When a nineteen-year-old gets a Ph.D. from Chicago, they are proud of him and want the details; when the body of a Negro soldier, hands tied, is found hanging from a tree at Fort Benning, they are enraged; when the first Negro captain of an American freighter takes her through the submarines, they want to know; when a radio show reveals a Negro in the character of a self-respecting human being, they want to thank the director; when the President's valet goes into the navy they want a bigger story than The New York Times or The Richmond Times-Dispatch can give them; when young Lt. Maria August, RN, of Atlanta, arrives in North Africa with thirty white nurses, they want to know; when William Thaddeus Colemen, brilliant Harvard law student, goes into the army they want to read about it. All these things affect them in their personal feelings as Negroes, and make them furious or proud. Why? Because they are a Jim-Crowed minority who, brought here long ago against their wishes, have never been allowed to feel that they were just the same as other Americans. When they achieve the integration into our national life for which the race press is crusading, then the race press as it exists today will have served its purpose, and must either disappear or begin to operate from a non-racial basis. But this change cannot be achieved by pious lectures from white newspaper editors. A fundamental change in the attitude of white Americans has got to precede it. When the white Southern editors state flatly that the Negroes must always expect to be segregated in the South, then these editors must always expect to be confronted by a segregated Negro press.

When a squat little redneck, with none of the graces he says are inherent in his race, gets up in the Senate and proposes that 13,000,000 people—who for three centuries spilled their sweat into the American earth—be torn away from it and sent to the fever coast of Africa, Negroes want their press to call him a liar, a thug and a cheat. They don't want him handled with calm disdain, as The New York Times might handle him. They know what he is. They want to see it in print, or as near to it as possible under the libel laws. When they put out ten cents for their weekly budget of current reading they also want the details of spicy Negro divorce cases and bloody crime stories. White critics have hammered this aspect of the Negro press as though they have never seen the white newspapers which built up circulations in the millions by featuring sex and crime. And in fairness it should be pointed out that it is not these stories but political news which the race press features. The Negro press goes out to cooks, servants, elevator boys and truck drivers. Not exclusively, but almost so; 95 percent of the race are classed as laborers. They are fighting their way up, but what they have been able to win as a group, against the odds, in the fields of education, money and mores, is not high when looked at from the white end of the telescope. They wouldn't buy a black New York Times if one were available. As a matter of fact, there are a few Negro newspapers—when things like drive, courage, purpose and readability are taken into consideration with The Times's vaunted thoroughness and propriety—that I would rather read than The Times. More than one white man has picked up a Negro newspaper to scoff and remained to read, and to read with a sense of discovery. Rose Wilder Lane, author of "Free Land" and other books, who never saw a Negro until she was fully grown, took a look at the race papers because such a controversy was being raised about them. The hard-hitting, fighting columns were a new experience. She became an avid reader and finally a columnist herself. She writes a column in The Pittsburgh Courier and she has never enjoyed any writing more than this.

When a white man first reads a Negro newspaper, it is like getting a bucket of cold water in the face. There is hardly a white man alive—whether a product of the Emerson tradition and the abolitionist soil of Harvard, or whether of the Mississippi Delta—who is not a ruddy sahib in his heart. If we get to understand this fact about ourselves, we can disarm it. It would do many a Southerner and many a South-hating Yankee sahib a lot of good to take a look at the Negro press. They won't get their accustomed deference in the Negro press. The Negro writers, over and over, in all possible variations, with a variety of tones and shadings, with none of the ambiguous and deceitful language by which hard facts are softened in the white press, tell the Negro exactly what the white man is doing for him and to him. It is not a bad thing for a white man to see how he looks through Negro eyes, and it is even better for him to try to understand why it is so.

In his first two columns on the Negro press printed about a year ago, Pegler, the great foul-blow artist of our time, even criticized the race press because it derived much of its advertising income from rackets like magic-powder companies, purveyors of love secrets, hair-straighteners and race books. Where would he have them go for their income? Negro purchasing power is low and the press simply cannot get high-grade advertising. It takes what it can get. The white press has passed through the same phase. Pegler also found the writing in the Negro newspapers undistinguished. If he did, he confined himself to police-

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court stories. But probably he only skimmed through a few papers before writing his article. His statements were so unfair and vulnerable that he reopened the subject in a later column, took some of it back in effect, and gave the Negro people a few encouraging pats on the back. But the knifing had done real damage, and set off a whole train of critical articles.

The best writing in the Negro press is found in the numerous signed columns which all of the papers feature; the next best in the unsigned editorials. The news stories are not literature, but they are very often vivid with the hard, lean structure which is one of the few virtues a news story can have as a form of writing. Some of them are sloppy. Their editorializing is open and frank, when it occurs, which is pretty frequently. Editorializing in white newspapers is more subtle, but it occurs just as constantly.

These columnists are fighting for Negro equality; they are fighting the white people who oppose it and the Negroes who show no heart for the fight. In some of their columns, fierceness is apparent in every sentence. In others it lies beneath a calm and subtle prose, and sometimes dullness. The white reader will not find dullness very often. Almost everything in the Negro press will be new to him, or if not new, written in a strange new key. Sometimes these columnists are inaccurate with facts and careless in their attitudes. But the white reader must be careful about what he allows to anger him, for there is a vast amount of raw, solid fact which they handle well within the bounds of accuracy, and which the white reader simply has got to gulp down and let it educate him. There is one flavor of the white press fortunately absent from the Negro: the dreary, pedestrian writing of men who are bored with their jobs. There are a lot of white columnists and reporters who are drawing pay today on writing they did in the 1920's, and their weariness is inescapable. The white reader doesn't find this weariness in the Negro columnists. They live and write at the beginning of a new era for their people, and they are swept along by it.

In my opinion, George S. Schuyler, who writes in The Pittsburgh Courier, is about the best. He is a clear and vivid writer. Sometimes he writes with a mordant sarcasm, but he does not let it unbalance the order of his ideas. And he hammers what seems to me the soundest line of all: that the Negro's natural friend, and natural ally, is the white worker, and that the two should strive for a unity of purpose in the labor movement.

Critics of the race press fail to mention the better-conduct campaigns. Those who can gloss over this effort of Negro writers to arm their people with the tools of morality and dignity are prejudiced indeed. Week after week papers like The Pittsburgh Courier and The Chicago Defender have carried thousands of words lecturing Negroes on their behavior. They have campaigned against loud clothes, loose personal habits, cursing, drinking, laxness at work. They have warned that race immaturity will lose the Negroes' newly won jobs after the war is over. No white newspaper could be more frank. The Courier carries a front-page box on the subject. Joseph D. Bibb, in The Courier, one of the first to pursue this theme, and Lucius C. Harper, in The Defender, have written brilliant columns.

Enoc P. Waters, reporter for The Chicago Defender, has written the best series on the South and the war-time race problem that has been written. It is still running. He has dug for information in the good places and he has dug deep. By any standards, he is a first-rate reporter. The editorial page of The Norfolk Journal and Guide is one of the best in the country and Arthur Davis, whose column appears on the page, has written columns defending the Negro press that were far better writing and reasoning than the attacks. It is unfortunate that few white people will ever see them.

These few accolades are based on no inclusive judgment of Negro writers. There are many outstanding columns and newspapermen which have not been mentioned and many which I don't even know about. Furthermore, there are a whole lot of brickbats which would have to be thrown along with the bouquets in any criticism of individual writers. Many of the gossip columns, for instance, seem to me vulgar and immature, with lower standards, if possible, than the usual gossip columns in the white press. I have seen a number of columns which might well have been rejected by the editors as part of the better-conduct campaign.

The fundamental weakness of the Negro press is its strong tendency to overcompensate. Where Negro achievement is slighted in the white press, it is often overpraised in the race press. Negro crime is apt to be given subjective and apologetic treatment. Most white newspapers in New York have overplayed and emphasized recent robberies and assaults in Harlem, suggesting that race, rather than deplorable social conditions, was responsible. The Negro press in New York has been carried to another extreme in its reaction against these stories. They have counter-attacked the white man on the basis of his own criminal record, and have tried to explain away Harlem's numerous recent crimes instead of discussing both the existence of these crimes and their causes. Where the Negro race is systematically disparaged in the white press (frequently unintentionally or through ignorance) and the white man given the benefit of every doubt, the reverse is true in the Negro press. There are two ways of looking at such overcompensation; one is to say superficially that its fundamental cause is the white man's treatment of the Negro; but it is far more important to the Negro people and to the goals they hope to achieve that the men who write for the Negro press try to rise to a larger point of view than the

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eye-for-an-eye philosophy. It will take this sort of greatness on the part of the Negro's leaders to carry the fight for him against enormous odds.

Racism is a bad game no matter who plays it. Despite such outspoken features as the better-conduct campaigns, or the fact that much of the criticism of white affairs is justified, there is an accompanying tendency to create a chauvinistic racism among the Negro people, and a feeling of subjective bitterness toward all whites. "*The crafty Caucasian,*" writes one columnist, "seems to derive a certain sadistic delight in seeing us handicap ourselves, and he will pay us his good money to indulge us in these sordid and miserable roles" (blackface roles in radio plays). Another says, "What will it take to make her [a white woman living near the Tuskegee airfield] and *the rest of the white devils of the South* believe in us and let us have a fair chance?" This is a moving sentence, but calling the Southern people white devils creates destructive resentment on both sides of the color line, when an understanding of the race problem and a knowledge of the things which have to be done to solve it, are needed. Short fiction in the Negro press deals most often with lynching and white criminality. Most Southerners have become stereotyped villains with names like "Ratley" and "Stalk." This is no more inaccurate than the mawkish self-glorification which Southern newspapers and writers have engaged in for a century. It is difficult for a Negro to feel objective about a Southern society which has used him as a beast of burden for generations.

But the Negro press must learn objectivity before anything approaching a solution of the race problem can be achieved. Programs of action are needed: programs for Negroes as individuals, and programs for Negroes as political and social groups. A sound and workable attitude toward the white majority, particularly toward the Southern white people, is needed. It seems to me that the Negro press should adopt an editorial policy toward Southern affairs which coincides with the political manifesto of the group of Southern Negroes who met recently in Durham in an attempt to bring some order and reason into the unsettled field of race relations in the South. This statement outlined the Negro's aspirations for political, economic and educational equality; then, turning to the major question, it said, "We are fundamentally opposed to the principle and practice of compulsory segregation in our American society," but it acknowledged the "strength and age of these patterns of segregation." From this point it continued to furnish a thorough outline of the Southern Negro's goals and methods of procedure in industry, politics, education, agriculture and other fields. The effect of this statement has been to relieve the fears of a large section of the white South that the Negro might attempt some revolutionary political coup, under cover of the war, to abolish segregation; but at the same time, with great skill, it declared itself fundamentally against the principle of segregation and thus has left a basis for operations against this primary and fundamental injustice when the war is over and wartime fears and excitements have ebbed from the high-tide mark which they reached about the time of the Durham conference in the fall.

Most of the Negro newspapers wrote approvingly of the Durham conference. They would do well to adopt the Durham line as their own policy toward the Southern white people. It is a far cry from the Booker T. Washington line which accepted permanent humility and segregation as a basis for race relations. On the other hand it gives the Negro possible goals to work for during the war, and furnishes a positive program rather than one of vague and negative bitterness. The strength of the Durham statement is its honesty in refusing to accept the principle of segregation, and its realism in admitting segregation to be an established fact, a deeply rooted Southern institution too substantial and too much in the forefront of the thoughts of white Southerners today to be successfully resisted by Southern Negroes.

The fault of overcompensation grows out of the fact that Negro newspapers are money-making businesses: their first function is to put out a readable, and salable, product. Negro publishers are apt to be primarily business men whose interest in race welfare is secondary to their interest in selling newspapers. It is not they, but the men they hire, who make their papers worth-while; the editors, the columnists, the reporters. These are the men who are qualified to speak of the sufferings and aspirations of Negroes, for they are still part of the race. Some of their publishers have been rich men so long that they have almost forgotten what it feels like to be a Negro. The only one with whom I have become personally acquainted is as pleasant individually as his counterparts in the white publishing field. But he is also a patronage politician, a political reactionary and an anti-Semite. And I soon saw it was a travesty to speak to him about race issues. The fact that he had had to battle his way up against ruthless odds made him like this, but it did not change the fact that he was what he was. He was exactly like the majority of white newspaper publishers. His newspaper was guilty of certain faults and excesses which paralleled those of the average white newspaper. He had rounded up a good staff of writers and for that reason his newspaper was somewhat above average, by both white and Negro newspaper standards. Furthermore, its big issue was not anti-liberal, anti-labor, pro-big-business tub thumping—the pattern of most white newspapers—but advancing the cause of an abused minority in a democracy. This gave it a certain intrinsic worth which redeemed many of the faults which grew out of its commercial character. And it seems to me that this is not an unusual pattern in the Negro press.

THOMAS SANCTON

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Southern State Normal School Library
Springfield, S. Dak.

Save Farm Security!

500,000 Farmers in Danger

HE HAS THE BIGGEST JOB in his life to do and knows it. So the light pouring up the sky from east, around the world where the fighting is, finds him already plowing in his pine-fringed field. No cotton this year like all the other years since he first put hand to a plow. Stuff to eat, all of it, for people and workstock and cattle and hogs—corn, sweet potatoes, soybeans, peanuts, sorghum, hay. For his farm is a small part in a big war plan to get out the food.

Back at the barn the woman is milking and the warm stuff jets in the pail. Hearing it the other cow stamps in her stall. Though they never had even one cow till the government took them on rehabilitation, they now have milk to sell—a few gallons every day.

The biggest girl is scattering feed to the chickens in the fenced run. A powerful lot of fine chickens they've got now against the half-dozen scrawny fowl that used to peck for bugs under the house. Twenty-eight eggs she has gathered this morning from the nests inside the poultry house which is her job to look after and keep real clean so the chickens will stay healthy and she'll make a good crop of broilers to sell along with the eggs.

Out back the twelve-year-old boy is giving the sow her slops. She'll farrow soon and he'll have to watch after her and family as well as do his share in the garden after school. And what a garden! Big enough to sell stuff from and put up hundreds of quarts of vegetables to tide them through the winter.

The little kids are making a big racket washing up around the pump on the back stoop. Can't get much work out of them yet, but they're growing up to be workers, farmers, fighters—whatever the country needs them for.

This farm family is in danger. So are a half-million more American families like this one. They are the borrowers of the Farm Security Administration which Ed O'Neal of the Farm Bureau and his crowd in Congress are about to knock off at last. What the O'Neal gang wants is to put these half-million families out of business. It's as simple as that. We must get rid of the idea that the FSA fight is just another bureaucratic squabble in Washington, or that there is the slightest good faith in the charges of "extravagance" and "communism" with which O'Neal has long been trying to blow up the FSA.

This is the FSA record. From 1935, when it was established as the Resettlement Administration, through 1942 the FSA has lent out nearly $700,000,000 to almost a million low-income farmers who were such bad risks that they could get the money to farm nowhere else. Half of these loans have matured. Better than 90 percent of the maturities have been paid. Extravagance? Without FSA help most of these people would have been on relief. How much cash the FSA has actually saved the taxpayers can't be computed, nor can the enormous value of a program which has made self-respecting producers out of down-and-outers, with all that connotes in terms of regenerating family morale and preparing children for useful living.

In excess of $100,000,000 more FSA money went for outright grants—relief. O'Neal's crowd makes capital of this, as though they weren't the indirect beneficiaries. After freezes swept out the Florida tomatoes, celery and beans, FSA grants kept the migrants on the ground until the next crops came in. Grants kept California's horde of agricultural workers alive six months out of the year and made it possible for the Associated Farmers to get by with paying rock-bottom wages the other six. Grants meant medical care for rural workers who would otherwise have been lost to the labor force. Grants screened tens of thousands of farm homes against typhoid and malaria, built sanitary privies by the thousands in every farm state. Extravagance?

Sometimes the O'Neal crowd points to the high cost of FSA supervision as extravagance. It has taken money to educate poor farmers to be good farmers, to teach farm women food conservation and proper child care, to plan and operate migrant camps, resettlement communities. So what? Aren't we to invest in the future? This money will come back tenfold in this generation, a hundredfold in the next.

The charge of "communism" is leveled against the handful of FSA coöperative farm projects, which are said to be forerunners of "sovietizing" American agriculture. The only trouble with these is that there aren't enough of them. Congress was quick to choke off any extensive experimentation along this line. Some have been outstandingly successful—Casa Grande in Arizona and Mineral King in California, for example. Some went on the rocks and had to be reorganized. Managers who would really try to make them work were hard to find. It was discovered also that it is not enough for a coöperative farm to produce. It has got to sell its production in a market controlled and manipulated by O'Neal's crowd. Coöperative farming can succeed in America. It will succeed, and on a great scale, when we really try it all along the line, from the field to the consumer's table.

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The half-million American farmers O'Neal wants to put out of business are all little people—small owners, tenants, sharecroppers—but they add up to a great army all going one way. That way is toward winning the war and the peace with planned abundance. As look-out for the commercial farm interests which thrive on hunger and scarcity, O'Neal saw the threat of FSA small-farmer mobilization coming a long way off. Two years ago he first proclaimed that his patience was exhausted with the FSA's "extravagance" and "communism" and demanded that the agency be handed over for liquidation to the Extension Service, his crowd in the Agriculture Department. But this was only the public declaration of an old and irreconcilable hostility. Persistent attempts by the farm reactionaries to take over and subvert the operations of the FSA and its predecessor, the Resettlement Administration, had been going on ever since the federal program for putting impoverished small farmers back into production first got under way.

O'Neal's faction almost succeeded in finishing off the FSA by budgetary strangulation in the House last year. Only a last-ditch Senate fight and decisive intervention by the President saved the agency. Had O'Neal won out then, the nation would have lost a great contribution to the 1942 record food crop. The FSA's half-million small farmers—but 7.6 percent of the nation's total—produced 36 percent of the national increase in milk, 27 percent of that in dry beans, 10 percent of that in eggs, chickens and peanuts. The FSA's rehabilitated clients bettered their own previous year's output from 20 to 106 percent in nine war-essential crops. This year's sights are set even higher. But Ed O'Neal says no.

The latest play coached by O'Neal in the House Appropriations Committee would abolish the FSA but transfer its functions to other agencies in the Agriculture Department. The Farm Credit Administration, preserve of the money-changers, would get the loan-making and collection function. The Farm Bureau-dominated Extension Service would take over the migratory labor camps—or labor-supply centers as they have been rechristened—and presumably would also undertake the de-sovietizing of the resettlement projects, *viz.*, selling them out to land speculators. Supervision, which has made the FSA program get up and go, would be eliminated. Small farmers must not be shown how to raise food for winning the war. Extravagance, O'Neal says, as his spiritual forebears once said of public schools.

O'Neal's chief aim is to have the small farmers put to work for the big farmers—not for themselves, not for the nation. The very idea, that the FSA should be maintaining some Negro farmer in the Tennessee Valley raising pork and beans for the troops in Tunisia when Ed O'Neal needs this Negro to pick cotton on his plantation next door! To be sure, the nation hasn't the slightest need for Ed O'Neal's cotton. It could be dumped into the Gulf of Mexico along with all the rest of the short-staple stuff, according to an eminent agricultural economist, without harm to the war effort, the two-year supply on hand being enough to hold us while we devote every available acre and man to food production. Ed O'Neal, however, can get 20 cents a pound plus for his cotton. For a big low-cost producer like himself, this means a clean-up unprecedented even in the last war. Down, therefore, with the FSA which transforms good cotton-pickers into producers of pork and beans.

There is another angle, which is not lost upon O'Neal and his clan of commercial farmers, though it is upon the nation, or the battle to save the FSA would have been long since won. FSA supervisors are doing too good a job teaching small farmers to farm. Hundreds of thousands have already been graduated from the rehabilitation program. They have learned to be self-sufficient producers. Their competitive pressure is already felt by the farm monopolists and the beneficiaries of artificial shortages. The FSA's present half-million are coming along fast, as their last year's record shows. H. W. Parisius, who for five hair-raising weeks was Director of Food Production, developed a scheme—before he was cut down in his tracks—for mobilizing a couple of million small farmers in a supervised drive to get out the food we and our allies need. Frantic with fears of stockpiles which might force prices down at the war's end, O'Neal's men want to jettison the FSA now, deeming it to be the source of the dangerous doctrine of agricultural plenty. To safeguard their own competitive position, therefore, the big commercial farmers strike at the wartime food supply, basis of our whole national security.

The Farm Security program is not one of purely social amelioration that can be safely shelved for the duration. Rather, the FSA must be seen in the context of today as a first-line war agency. Its grand strategy, conceived and put in motion long before Pearl Harbor, was to convert the combined farm plant of its half million borrowers from farming-as-usual to food-for-defense. While the big farm interests were still looking backward to the depression conditions of the thirties and refusing to face the imperatives of all-out food production for total war, the FSA was developing techniques of farm conversion from cotton to soybeans and from tobacco to milk—techniques as vital as those of industrial conversion from typewriters to machine guns or from tractors to tanks.

The FSA, through its migratory-labor program, laid down sound patterns for the mobilization of farm workers on the food front. It had created the administrative framework for such a mobilization. It had built a hundred model camps for the concentration of workers in the various sectors where seasonal shock troops were

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needed. It was ready to expand this proved and practical set-up to meet the farm-labor emergency of 1943, when Congress decided instead to kick it to pieces in a bill just passed.

The wartime value of FSA's rural health coöperatives and medical services for migrants cannot be exaggerated. So broadly successful and non-controversial as to win the endorsement even of the American Medical Association, the FSA's health program—covering almost three-quarters of a million farm people—is keeping the soldiers in its food army fit to fight and at the same time reducing the appalling casualty rate among the rural poor.

Purely from considerations of the nation's war needs it is essential not only to save the FSA but to expand the agency's programs to bring within their scope all the millions of low-income farmers and farm workers. Nor can we afford to dismantle an organization which will have so crucial a role to play in the post-war readjustment of people to land. The friends of Farm Security have got to turn out now and fight.

JOHN BEECHER

Chicago as a Sign for 1944

The Meaning of the Kelly Victory

THE REELECTION of Mayor Edward J. Kelly to a fourth term in Chicago is the first important victory that the Democrats have won at the polls in months. Does this mean that the anti-administration political trend has been arrested and that popular sentiment is now moving again in the direction of the majority party in Washington?

My answer is that any reliance administration leaders place on the Chicago municipal election as a sign for 1944 is put on a reed too slender to be of any use in the world of practical politics. There may be such signs later on, but Chicago is not the first of them. I base my judgment on things I learned and saw and heard in a four-day study of the Chicago political situation for The St. Louis Post-Dispatch in the last week of the mayoral campaign.

Before we look at some of the reasons for Mayor Kelly's return to the Chicago City Hall, let us review the record of his majorities over the years. He was first chosen in 1933 by the City Council to fill out the unexpired term of the assassinated Mayor Anton Cermak. Two years later he ran for a four-year term and was elected by a majority of 631,954 over the Republican candidate. In 1939 he ran against Dwight H. Green, now Governor of Illinois, and won by a majority of 184,401. On April 6 he defeated George B. McKibbin, Governor Green's State Director of Finance, by a majority of 116,159.

These figures chart the descending curve of the Kelly victories. They show that his majority this year was 68,000 below 1939, to establish the lowest margin for a Chicago mayoral candidate since the Democrats last turned Big Bill Thompson out of office. Moreover, Kelly's 1943 majority of 116,159 assumes its true size only when measured by the total vote for Mayor, 1,259,133. Thus, a change of slightly more than 50,000 votes and Chicago, stronghold of the Kelly-Nash Democratic machine, would now have a Republican mayor.

For his margin of victory Ed Kelly can thank his city payroll. There are about 30,000 municipal employees and every one of them is good for three to four votes. In a sentence, the Mayor won by the advantage which was the same as already in the ballot boxes for him when the polls opened. Since gamblers were offering even money on a Kelly majority of 100,000 in the last week of the campaign, the Boss really ran only an even-money race.

So much for the results. What about the political factors which produced them? The first thing to remember is that this election was in Chicago. For here the obvious is very important. Chicago is a city of bi-partisan deals. Many Democratic ward captains worked with the Republicans when the Republicans were in power. Many Republican ward captains have gotten along very well with the Democrats in control. The minority-party candidate for Mayor in Chicago can never be sure whether he will have the full support of his party's organization. Indeed, the chances are that he will not.

This year the Republican candidate was in somewhat better position, since the Governor of Illinois is a Chicago Republican who could and did go to his home city and talk turkey to the boys in the wards. Even so, one of the best informed followers of Chicago politics told me that many of the Republican lieutenants would not know until the night before the election whether they would be for their party's candidate—or for Kelly again.

If Chicago's two-party-system waters are muddied by these bi-partisan politicians, they are still further confused and obscured by the bi-partisan business men and bankers. As the campaign drew to a close, I was told on every hand that thousands of members of the business community who hate Roosevelt and all his works and who would do all in their power to unseat the New Deal next year were supporting Kelly against his Republican opponent.

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The explanation for this puzzling condition was not to be found in Kelly's billboard slogan, "He's made a good Mayor." It was perhaps best put by a cultured Republican lawyer, with many corporate connections, who said that the machine had over the years organized the assessments and levies on business so that operators of Chicago businesses knew how much they would have to pay and could count on the machine's scale of charges. He said that it was a relief to business men to have this sort of thing on a stable basis. They were frankly afraid, he went on to say, that they would greatly worsen their own position by electing a new mayor, no matter how honest personally, behind whose back uncounted small grafters and shakedown operators might have a field day.

And so Mayor Kelly, who was out in front for a third term for President Roosevelt, enjoyed the support of thousands of Chicago's business men, who are eagerly sharpening their anti-New Deal axes as they wait for the 1944 presidential election. It will take a magician, who can really pull a rabbit out of the hat, to twist that situation into an encouraging sign for the national administration in Washington.

But these are only some of the handicaps which the Republican candidate had to face. Another was a badly messed-up campaign. The first choice of the Republican leaders, announced for them by Col. Robert R. McCormick's Chicago Tribune, was Roger Faherty, a lawyer with views on foreign affairs akin to those of the bitterly anti-administration publisher. Faherty's declarations that he hadn't "the slightest idea what the issues will be" and that he would conduct a "clean" and "exhilarating" campaign strongly suggested a deal across party lines. It suggested a deal so strongly that the Republican selection himself finally felt called upon to announce: "There is no deal between Kelly and Faherty."

How it looked to the voters was not determined, since Governor Green and his leaders prevailed on Faherty to withdraw and McKibbin was put into the primary in Faherty's place. McKibbin was little known, and when Chicago began to find out about him, it learned that he had been a respectable lawyer, who had worked on YMCA drives and had been president of the Round Table on Christians and Jews. As I wrote in The Post-Dispatch, he was "not the kind of man Chicago ordinarily would trust with the responsibilities of the mayor's office."

As the election approached, the Republican campaign tightened up a bit, though it never was too bright and always seemed calculated to lose. The suicide of Frank (the Enforcer) Nitti a few hours after his indictment by a New York federal grand jury along with four other Capone gangsters for racketeering in the movie industry revived the old underworld-politics theme and the Republican campaigners wore it pretty threadbare. Kelly-Nash domination of the schools was a better issue, and one supporter of the Mayor told me that the Republicans might have won had they developed it in all its aspects.

The only newspaper really to support McKibbin was The Chicago Daily News, whose publisher, Col. Frank Knox, is Secretary of the Navy. It waged a hard battle, with page-one news stories, boxes, editorials and cartoons. The Tribune went through the motions of opposing Kelly editorially but was so scrupulously fair and balanced in its presentation of the news of the opposing candidates that all the other Chicago newspaper offices were talking about it. The McKibbin headquarters was no less mystified. Two papers supported Kelly vigorously, Marshall Field's Sun and the tabloid Times, largely on national New Deal and international grounds. Hearst's Herald-American leaned to the Mayor.

But whatever its faults, the Republican campaign was such that it caused Kelly to abandon his "dignified" position. He had intended to take virtually no notice of his opposition, believing that the less stir there was the fewer people would go to the polls and the stronger the machine forces would be. But the Mayor eventually found himself pepping up women workers, going to ward meetings, promising free water for victory gardens this summer. For a climax, he even pulled off a "first ride" in the incompleted subway and held a ceremony underground at which a battery of speakers paid him compliments. No one said that the Mayor had been cool to the subway idea, that he had to be pushed into it and that even the engineers did not know when the subway would be open to the public.

One thing, however, Kelly did not do. He did not bring the national administration into the campaign. There was no "Roosevelt and humanity" appeal this time. He gladly allowed himself to be identified with Chicago's war effort, with its famous center for members of the armed forces, and with civic improvements. But Washington was not in this campaign. When Chairman Frank C. Walker of the Democratic National Committee passed through on his way to Washington after visiting ten Western states, he said that he had not lifted a finger for Chicago, that Mayor Kelly had asked for no help and had received none from national headquarters.

This recalled that when the anti-fourth-term resolution passed the Illinois Senate last month, a roll-call vote which would have forced the Democrats to go on record was blocked by Chicago State Sen. Richard J. Daley, a Kelly-Nash spokesman at Springfield.

Ed Kelly has been reëlected and the City Hall is safe for the machine for four more years. But that is about all the New Deal Democrats had better say about this election. For if they check it over carefully they may find that while there are signs for 1944 in it, these are not the kind of signs ordinarily read in victorious returns.

IRVING DILLIARD

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Washington Notes

The Men Who Run America

LAST WEEK I jotted down a list of some of the new liberal members of Congress. After I wrote it I got to thinking about another Washington list—a much more important one. It is the list of Washington's new executive branch of the government, including Mr. Roosevelt's shadow cabinet, the men who are really running America in World War II. It might be called Mr. Roosevelt's war cabinet, and a funny thing about it is that all the members, except maybe one, are outside the regular Cabinet.

Perhaps it oversimplifies the matter to call it a "cabinet." Perhaps the men might better just be called important men around Roosevelt, for they fall into a queer jumble of categories. However, unless you understand the general role they fill, you can't understand Washington today.

Theoretically, of course, the Executive is divided into ten big departments, the heads of which sit together formally at Cabinet meetings, get their pictures taken and advise the President. Even that textbook theory, however, leaves out a couple hundred independent executive agencies. And the "regular" Cabinet today, in wartime, has so far lost its collective importance, because of new military needs and unimpressive membership, that about all it does is give the President a chance to relax. After all, another war President read Artemus Ward to his Cabinet.

There are three main approaches to the President in wartime, all important and all new: the groups he has himself assembled, the new top executives and the inner circle. Let me take them in that order.

In default of an aggressive Labor secretary, Mr. Roosevelt sees his "labor cabinet" once a week or so. This includes Philip Murray, Julius Emspak and R. J. Thomas for the CIO; William Green, George Meaney and Dan Tobin for the AFL, and David B. Robertson for the Railroad Brotherhoods. Alternates frequently attend. John L. Lewis isn't represented.

That takes care of labor. The other big pressure group in America is agriculture. The President has a "farm cabinet," too, and in it he sees with some regularity Ed O'Neal of the Farm Bureau; James Patton, Farmers' Union; Albert Goss, Grange, and Ezra Benson, Farmer Coöperatives. Sitting with them as representative of the Byrnes outfit is Marvin Jones. The new Food Administrator, Chester Davis, is also included. Significantly, the Cabinet member for agriculture, Claude Wickard, doesn't sit in this group, nor does Frances Perkins, in the labor group.

The next group of men who make the machinery go 'round here in Washington are men of Cabinet rank—who aren't in the Cabinet. They are top-flight executives, but they are not the ultimate policy-making group that I am coming to next. You know their names and faces: Donald Nelson, Chester Davis, Paul McNutt, Jeffers, Elmer Davis and the rest. The membership comes and goes. I think its competence is increasing. They have tough, back-breaking war jobs. Mr. Roosevelt is painfully managing to decentralize and delegate some of his authority. But he still doesn't have any general, all-'round group with whom he sits down and talks over problems as a whole. There is no cabinet in that sense. The nearest thing to it comes in the following four or five people.

This group is, to a large degree, on a personal basis. It represents the kind of thing that the textbooks don't prepare you for. The relationship is vital, but nebulous.

On the technical, military side there is Admiral William D. Leahy, firm, tall, vigorous, sixty-eight-year-old nautical diplomat, who was ambassador to France before he became the President's Chief-of-Staff. Leahy acts as liaison man with the armed forces, with King for the navy, Marshall for the army and Arnold for air. I would put him down as one of the few men who, today, make up the country's real cabinet. He has force, tact and capacity. One big job he has done is to iron out the shameful Pearl Harbor rivalry and friction between the services.

"Jimmy" Byrnes, ex-Senator, ex-Justice, is another man in this top group, in charge of the economic home front. He does staff work along with policy-making. He is quick, alert, competent. He was the only man in the Senate who had the confidence both of New Dealers and conservative Southern Democrats. He has the President's confidence.

Justice Samuel Irving Rosenman, of the New York Supreme Court, is a trouble-shooter. When a speech is to be plotted or a reorganization to be undertaken, Jimmie and Harry call in Sammy. He gets around Washington, sees people, sizes things up, works out a solution. He is aloof from Washington squabbles and personalities. When he has finished he goes back to New York. He is forty-seven, was born in Texas.

Harry Hopkins, of all this group, is closest to the President. He is a member of the family, the person Roosevelt enjoys having around, a man who takes on a good many international assignments. He makes a good many decisions, too—for which he is careful not to take the credit.

When Harry and Jimmie and the President want a mellow outside view, they call in shrewd-eyed, seventy-two-year-old Bernard M. Baruch, who makes his office on a park bench in Lafayette Park, across from the White House.

Another important voice in Washington is that of Henry A. Wallace. Wallace's liberal idealism has great influence on Roosevelt's independent mind. Maybe Mrs. Roosevelt should go on this list, too, for somewhat similar reasons.

One thing to note is a negative phenomenon, people who are not important. Mysterious but not pulling much weight are the administrative assistants—the "anonymous" boys, McReynolds, Currie, Mellett, Niles and Daniels.

Not so awfully important, either, are the members of the "regular" Cabinet, though Ickes and Jones and others do important staff jobs. About the only department that retains what might be called full Cabinet status is the State Department under Cordell Hull and Sumner Welles.

What does this all shape up to? No regular pattern. Roosevelt-haters denounce the system as being irregular if not unconstitutional. They forget there is nothing in the Constitution about the orthodox Cabinet either.

About all you can say is that the war required new and complicated agencies, that the President has been experimenting and that the queer new personal system works. Works, that is, pretty well.

Washington T. R. B.

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Writers as Producers

"THIS LAND IS MINE" is a good example of a writer's movie (Dudley Nichols) and of a trend—the graduation of the better Hollywood script writers from typewriters into producers' chairs. Some other writers who now have full say over what they have written are Nunnally Johnson ("The Pied Piper"), Albert Lewin ("Moon and Sixpence") and Michael Powell ("One of Our Aircraft Is Missing"). According to Harold Rosten's survey of Hollywood, that control is what they wanted most. The evidence of their work so far points to movies of a greater seriousness in intention, more social comment and a clearer, less gingerbread form. But this type of movie has also shown serious lacks. "This Land Is Mine" hasn't any romantic chases, or love affairs—the one chase ends in the hero's death, the two love affairs are minute and unresolved—and there are no jokes. Its plot concerns the regeneration of a cowardly schoolteacher in an occupied country. It is a tribute to the movie that there is nothing silly about it as it does what it sets out to do: instruct our schoolteachers in their spiritual task during wartime; condemn overzealous mothers who hoard milk; show the grocer, the mayor and the station master the price they pay for collaboration with the Nazis. One of its best passages is an ironical scene showing the entrance of the Nazis into the city against and around a monument to the Unknown Soldier in the city square. It is concise and well thought out, and the differences between the Nazi and democratic ideology are completely discernible.

But all of these first writer-produced movies have propelled their ideas out of the intellectual idiom of the writer rather than the visual one of the movies; so that in spite of their wisdom, lack of sentimentality, straightforward, formal clarity, they have been, as yet, unemotional and powerless. Most simply, it is a matter of attitude toward a story, of telling rather than showing it. The ideology of the free peoples is expressed in "This Land Is Mine" by giving the schoolteachers the Bill of Rights to read to their classes, which they do, from the first article through the last. The character of the resistance as it affects the middle-class shopkeeper is one in a long, wearisome speech from a witness stand. Essentially the method's weakness is in straitjacketing behavior to the written word instead of seeking the idea in the visual world of action and movement, which is the more suitable, and so more emotionally vital, manner for the movies.

There is a pseudo quality pervading the city in this movie where the people are regulated neatly and logically and mechanically. The character of the resistance cannot be that simple, to judge from the scraps of information that seep through to us from such places. The people of Czecho-Slovakia, France and Holland are starved and terrorized, and what they accomplish must happen quickly, with little time to show a change of heart or to explain motives to the whole populace. A Quisling is poisoned or an Underground hero is blown to bits, with little of the ordered logic, the individualistic momentousness, that attaches to each event and person in this movie. To this extent it reads more like a commendable textbook in civics than a movie, and misses the life in occupied countries, its tragedies, accidents, unknown deaths, complete horror.

This picture just about hits the jackpot as far as miscasting goes. Since the author implies no definite country or people, no dialect or national custom, the cast becomes pretty much a hodgepodge of unmatched actors, who also suffer from the superficialities that go with all talk and no play. Charles Laughton seems to be unable to do anything at all with his role of schoolteacher.

These writer-produced movies have without exception been commendable jobs. They are the necessary wedge of integrity and earnestness which must first break through the wall of Hays Office and producers before there will be the freedom which is essential to artistic expression, in the movies as well as anywhere else. And they are bound to reexamine their movie-making methods when they find that their good works are coming forth somewhat stolid and unemotional.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

"Let us not waste our time talking terms of peace or conditions of a post-war world," he declared. "These problems will clarify themselves automatically in God's own way as the years go by. . . ." – *Joe Pew, chairman of the board of the Sun Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, in a speech to 33,000 workers, at the launching of three tankers, as reported by Pathfinder.*

On April 13 the Jefferson memorial in Washington is to be dedicated. The principal address is to be delivered by a man who has done as much as any man ever born to destroy Jefferson's political philosophy root and branch. It is very much as if Jefferson Davis had dedicated the Lincoln memorial. – *An editorial in The Daily Oklahoman, Oklahoma City.*

Vernonica Lake's hair is tucked under a cap, just like any other girl's, when she takes a shower. – *From The Chicago Sun.*

Brave New World

WHAT ARE YOU going to do after the war? A private mental hospital out of town offers opportunities to intelligent high-school and college graduates; no experience necessary. New York Medical Exchange Agency, 489 Fifth Avenue. – *A classified advertisement in The New York Times.*

Or Something

Dress rehearsal for the all-soldier musical started auspiciously enough when Sgt. Allen Anderson received word from New York that he had just become the father of a nine-pound son, which makes Maxwell Anderson a grandmother. – *From the radio column of The New York World-Telegram.*

That All-Out Effort

The Baltimore city police today sought legal advice on the question of whether or not Victory gardeners may work on Sundays, in defiance of the state blue laws, without fear of prosecution. – *From The Baltimore Evening Sun.*

Total-War Department

Yet Russia has done four-fifths of the fighting without getting even one-fifth of the screen credit. – *Joy Davidman in The New Masses.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

The Pope and Fascism

SIR: There is an erroneous statement in Gaetano Salvemini's article "The Pope and Fascism" [March 8]. The Concordat between the Vatican and the Third Reich was signed and put into effect at the end of September, 1933, not in 1935.

The Nunzio in Berlin, Monsignor Orsenigo, who was acting under the instructions of Secretary of State Pacelli, was then in a hurry to conclude a treaty with the Nazi government after Hitler had created a *fait accompli* by liquidating the most influential Catholic organizations, and was about to stamp out what he called "political Catholicism." Being under heavy pressure, the Vatican had entered negotiations in which one of the most sinister figures, Franz von Papen, had a large part. Pope Pius XI as well as his Secretary of State had no illusions as to the outcome of a political agreement with Hitler, yet tried to save and preserve what was left of Catholic life in Germany. True, there was some confusion among churchmen; some believed the Church could appease the Nazis by collaborating with them, and by disavowing the political and social trend of the dissolved Catholic Center Party, which had been one of the strongest pillars of the democratic Weimar Republic. To the majority of the German Catholics, however, the Concordat seemed nothing but a "societas leonina" or a feeble attempt to stem the rising tide of radical paganism. To many the opportunistic attitude of the Church was a sad disappointment and a betrayal if not of principles, certainly of a glorious tradition rooted in the heroic resistance during Bismarck's *Kulturkampf*.

No doubt, for Hitler the Concordat was a political gain as Napoleon's had been. After the Nazis had come to terms with the Vatican, they soon found out the soft spots, and never bothered to keep their promises. Since 1934 Pope Pius XI and his Secretary of State, on various occasions, have bitterly denounced the Third Reich for systematic violation of the guarantees provided by the Concordat.

H. W. L. FREUDENTHAL

Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.

SIR: The date "1935" in my article was a misprint for "1933" as one might have guessed from the fact that the German Concordat was recorded between Cardinal Pacelli's accession to the Papal Secretariat of State in 1929 and his address of October 13, 1934, in Buenos Aires. Professor Freudenthal does not contradict my statement that Cardinal Pacelli "brought about the Concordat with Hitler and disbanded the Catholic Party in Germany." This and not the chronological misprint was the relevant fact in my article.

Professor Freudenthal endeavors to extenuate Pacelli's responsibility for the Concordat by reminding us that the Vatican was "under heavy pressure," "had no illusions as to the outcome of a political agreement with Hitler," but "tried to save and preserve what was left of Catholic life in Germany." Thus the doctrine of the "hypothesis," *i.e.*, the lesser evil, comes in, according to which one can make any transaction with any rascal, provided that by such a transaction a greater evil is avoided. Since there is no end to evil and a greater evil may always be avoided through the most criminal transaction, the doctrine of the "hypothesis" permits any kind of transaction, especially if the greater evil falls on the shoulders of other people, and the lesser evil consists of getting advantages for ourselves.

If in 1933, Pius XI and Pacelli had no illusions about Hitler and von Papen, that is to say, no prospect of avoiding a greater evil through the Concordat, why did they sign it? The truth is that for neither Pius XI or Pacelli was the Nazi regime an evil for the Catholic Church, since Hitler was ready to grant them a concordat and they were hoping he would honor his signature. Had Hitler kept his promise, the German Nazi regime no less than the Italian Fascist regime, would have been all right. Pius XI's and Pacelli's expectations went wrong. But when today the Catholics denounce Hitler, let us remind ourselves that if a thief complains that another thief has cheated him, it does not follow that the former thief is no longer a thief.

Cambridge, Mass. GAETANO SALVEMINI

Editorial Inadvertence

SIR: I read, on page 461 of The New Republic for April 12 with much sympathy, the editorial on incorrect impressions created, inadvertently, by news as printed in some papers.

Then, on page 479 [in The Bandwagon], I read a paragraph quoting Mark Sullivan as having said that "Defeat in the Senate of the President's $25,000 salary ceiling" was "a lofty cause." Was it inadvertent for you to ignore that what I described as a lofty cause was the maintenance of parliamentary government as against government by executive decree?

Washington, D. C. MARK SULLIVAN

Somebody's Nuts about Inflation

SIR: Somebody's nuts about the relation of wages to inflation, and I don't think it's me.

I am a railroad telegrapher earning 80 cents an hour, which is above the average. Pension, insurance, Victory Tax, and an $18.75 bond per month are deducted, and I set aside an amount to meet my next income-tax instalment. I live in a YMCA room. I do not drink, gamble, own a car or buy a daily paper. Starting in the war with a good supply of clothes, *I have not bought so much as a pair of socks* since Pearl Harbor. I take three magazines. I have given up buying books for the duration. I contribute to the Red Cross, local charities, the Chinese and Russian War Reliefs, and, for example, $10 to The Nation Foundation and to the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. My union dues are $22 a year.

Once a week the lady friend and I go to a movie and have hamburgers or the like. Two or three times a month we see a good show or a concert, and once a month we have a really good dinner. I buy fresh fruit and vegetables and eat them in my room so that I can maintain a balanced diet without going to the more expensive restaurants. I eat meat infrequently.

I found it impossible to maintain this modest scale of living, and continue buying a $37.50 bond as I did last year. And I am a bachelor! The men I work with do not buy cars, furniture, houses or conspicuous amounts of clothing. WHAT IN HELL DO THEY BUY that you object to? Let's get down to facts once a year on this subject. Certainly they buy better food for their children, and if THOSE standards are reduced, I don't care what happens to the USA. The diet of the average American child is a disgrace.

I have not spent $25 for merchandise, for ANYTHING visible except food, since the war began, so it would be false to say that my wages can weigh an ounce on the side of inflation. I am much better paid than the average workingman. My union is after an increase, and I will cheerfully strike if they don't get it. Let's be realistic.

Chicago, Ill. HENRY GAGE

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Negroes and Public Conduct

SIR: It has long been obvious to close observers that the blatant, foul-mouthed, decency-defying Negro is doing more, perhaps, than all other forces combined to make his race the victim of contempt and persecution that it is today. For all this, no known movement for improving the Negro's status in America has ever paid the slightest attention to this suicidal condition. Indeed, it was not until the year 1942 that even the Negro press began to stress the tremendous importance of public decorum. Since then, its plaint has assumed such proportions that it promises to develop into a major issue among colored Americans.

It is needless to probe for the causes back of this growing offensiveness among colored Americans. Let it be admitted, as a concession to those who feel that some excuse should be offered, that much of it is due to incessant rebuffs, repression and shattered hopes. The only point now worth discussing is that such conduct presents an appallingly vulnerable enemy target, which the Negro himself must take the initiative in removing.

More than thirty years ago, the writer tried to meet this issue through what he hoped would be a thoroughly organized and nationwide movement. The plan was to use the combined influence of all upright colored Americans for obtaining the coöperation of the law-enforcement agencies of every municipality (voluntarily, when possible; by pressure, when necessary) for suppressing all practices which are hurtful to the morals or good name of the colored race or the community. The only grudging attention which any outstanding Negro paid to this movement was to denounce it as an effort to expose the colored race to public scorn and ridicule.

Since many thoughtful Negroes are beginning to see that they can be injured by the refractory elements only by refusing to take steps for renouncing and suppressing them, a word of admonition may be in order. Merely railing against these conditions can do but little good. The most conspicuous offenders can be deterred by nothing short of determined, relentless and ubiquitous authority. Let every self-respecting Negro be placed in a position for making it publicly known (through identifying badges, or otherwise) that he represents a committee of one, with police protection, for the prompt and rigid suppression of all public offensiveness, and such evils will vanish as mist before the sun. If this cause means less personal effort than this to those who are now espousing it with such vociferous zeal, they had as well turn their attention to problems which can be solved by empty words.

Philadelphia, Pa. JAMES SAMUEL STEMONS

[Mr. Stemons has given a lifetime to lecturing his race on the importance of public conduct as a means for winning advancement. Although his views seem to the editors to oversimplify the question of race deportment, he has labored in behalf of his idea too faithfully for his sincerity to be questioned. But modern scientific studies in the fields of anthropology, psychology and sociology give more weight to the influence of environment on individual and race conduct than Mr. Stemons seems to give it in his books and pamphlets. His argument seems to be that the Negro's unfavorable environment induces unfavorable conduct, which in turn reinforces the tendency of white society to keep him in a bad environment; and that the only way the Negro can break out of this circle is by an almost superhuman effort to elevate his group morals in spite of his environment. American Negroes will aid their own fight immeasurably by a dynamic effort to improve their public conduct, and it is in realization of this fact that leading Negro newspapers are now carrying on an intensive better-conduct campaign—a campaign which Mr. Stemons' pamphlets and speeches foreshadowed thirty years ago. But better conduct alone will not bring the walls of discrimination crashing like the walls of Jericho. This technique at best can be only one of many phases of a broad battle. The Negro must also fight for the right to work in industry and the professions without discrimination, to vote, and to receive and exercise the freedoms which should belong to all men. – T. S.]

Movie Criticism

SIR: May I congratulate The New Republic on its film critic, Manny Farber? Mr. Farber's reviews have been consistently worthy the attention of every intelligent moviegoer. Above all, they serve as a reminder that the moving picture, fundamentally, is a medium of expression. We tend all too easily to forget this simple fact, because we know the movie better in our time as a commercial racket or "big business," long in process of becoming a cultural dictatorship. In his review of MGM's alleged production of "The Human Comedy" (March 15) Mr. Farber achieves a milestone in contemporary film criticism.

Larchmont, N. Y. SEYMOUR STERN

Letter from an Ensign

SIR: We lead a monotonous life 'way out here in the Pacific. If we are not fighting for the liberal ideas you enunciate, then I do not wish to continue. I saw a lot of boys suffer and die in the Solomons and pray to God their deaths be meaningful and fruitful.

The leaders of our fighting forces such as Admiral Halsey are absolutely wonderful. However, the officers in charge of some of the island bases are not too well qualified. . . . Keep up the good fight.

Somewhere in the Pacific ENSIGN M. J.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

David Freeman of Chicago writes that Professor Ralph Barton Perry is "wasting his time and his talents" in proposing an understanding between the Catholic Church and Marxian communism in practice in Soviet Russia ["The Basis for American-Soviet Understanding," April 5]. "Whatever the principles upon which the Church was established and however noble its professions," writes Mr. Freeman, "its history does not show a single instance where in the perpetual struggle of the masses against injustice, tyranny, oppression and ignorance it has ever championed the cause of the lowly, whom it exalts only in its sermons. The role the Church is playing in Spain today is entirely consistent with its past history and only a fool or a philosopher would have expected it to act otherwise."

Pvt. Muz Chesy of Camp Ord, California, writes to suggest that the low wartime birth rate should be bolstered by paying rental and subsistence allowances to all soldiers who are married, privates as well as officers, in order that a greater number of families may be once more reunited. "Immediate consideration of increased family allowances is imperative now with the induction of the 3A group, for the prevention of a great tragedy to the wartime American family."

The March on Washington Movement has issued a hard-hitting pamphlet entitled, "The War's Greatest Scandal—The Story of Jim Crow in Uniform." It is a sixteen-page booklet dealing with past and present experiences of Negroes in the armed forces of the United States. It costs five cents and may be obtained from the March on Washington Movement, 2084 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

We greet the appearance of a new and worthy liberal magazine, The Chicago Jewish Forum, a quarterly. The editorial content and typographical format of the first issues have been excellent.

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Books in Review

The Wound as the Bow

THE FIRST OF THESE BOOKS[1] is a novel of French life on the Channel Coast under the German occupation, the second,[2] a notebook record, perhaps slightly fictionalized, of the life of eleven French war prisoners in Germany; it is interesting to take them together, for they offer conflicting examples of the use of the imagination in telling war stories, and a lesson of irony. Pozner's novel is dramatically planned and carefully written, shrewd in its effects and always sharp and knowing; "Haedrich's" (the name is a pseudonym, and the author unknown) notebook is diffuse, as troubled as the dreams men have in illness, and often extremely sketchy. Pozner's politics are militant, intelligent, radical; Haedrich is a sentimentally conservative French army officer, exalted in his love of France but at first shattered and confused by the debacle. But the novel, though more competent than most anti-Nazi novels of its kind, is glossy and empty; the notebook-diary, though very minor work, suggests real qualities of imagination. The novel only reminds us of how little imagination there is in works of this kind, and how complacent its formula has become; the notebook, written in pain and humility and out of an urgent need to study individual men under stress, moves fruitfully from observation to reflection and points up the multiplicity of truth.

The truth of this war, and of the universal crisis it has imposed, is surely not so simple as most anti-Nazi novelists have made it out to be. If the novelist is an artist, fully responsible and eager to make "humanity aware of itself," he can at least begin by not repeating what we know almost too well, and what, in our present state of knowledge, can be only a surface attention to the surface truth of military and political events. Pozner knows France as Steinbeck never knew Europe; but his France tells me as little as Steinbeck's Norway. It is a special characteristic of these anti-Nazi novels, so popular today, that they merely add imaginary replicas to political data or even personally observed settings; there is no imaginative process in them, no will toward insight, but only an easy conversion of the facts, a kind of tense mirror-writing. These books "fill in," as the proletarian novelists used to "fill in"; the writer does not plot a book; he plots an action, a cover and surface tension, adds a touch of picturesqueness or shock (the "terrific" scenes), and then rushes it all to a comforting resolution. That is why Hollywood, now socially—or is it only war?—conscious, has found it so easy to adapt these novels to the formula of the Westerns, which is just the level of its anti-fascism. The morality is comfortable, fixed, vicariously bloodthirsty; the Nazis are all fallen Indians; and our good guys, even if they do resemble Robert Taylor, or Superman playing the Army Air Force, are all "anti-Fascists," or at least angry at the Japs for bombing Pearl Harbor.

But what is said in these novels that was not said in yesterday's Times, and is not as perishable? How do they differ, when their bullies are merely counterfeits of the Hangman of Prague and their Nazis are only Nazis making war, from the canapes dished out by the foreign correspondents? In fact, the correspondents may be more useful, since a sound journalistic report is at least complete on its level, where a novel utterly lacking in symbolic reference merely disguises or luridly dramatizes. The extraordinary documentation of our day gives us militancy enough, if it is only militancy we want—militancy without knowledge, and therefore not militancy at all. But these novels can never give us a new insight into the nature of fascism—that hunted white whale whom we are all chasing, like Ahab, on one leg (the other was taken by Peyrouton-Giraud); and the documentaries are always better. The one really exciting scene in Pozner's novel is that in which the Nazi chief condemns the villagers to death for the murder of a German soldier who deserted and accidentally killed himself. But the hostages are as unknown (being types) as the anonymous hostages we have read of; the heroes have only an abstract, a purely literary, heroism; and the love in the story seems no more instructive than our own. It is not the lack of illusion that troubles us in these stories; it is the failure to give meaning to the facts we already have.

Nor is Haedrich trying to give us new meanings; apparently "lucky" in being able to give us new facts, he succeeds because he persuades us that he is really trying to study them. Once we see his simplicity and lack of pose, even his honest and touching bewilderment, we share in these reflections under the German heel and can instinctively restore and expand in our minds the continuity that is not in the story, or the militancy that dies in prison life. One of Haedrich's favorite books in camp was a volume of Katherine Mansfield's stories. His own book is reminiscent of her Journal, that record of another confinement; and it is just the comparable delicacy and wit of his own record, the comparable vigilance in describing a cycle of pain, that move one here. I do not mean to suggest that Haedrich is as finely conscious an artist; but there are the same broken rhythms, broken by the honest halts of observation, the same groping curiosity of mind in illness, and the same attention, as when Haedrich catches the fanatic Nazi pedantry of ". . . or prisoners will be *severely* shot down." He describes an existence that can flare into the fellowship of prison life, but that rests essentially on make-believe, on the pitiful strategies of confinement, and on "hopes for France" that are vague or may be hierarchical. One sees an obvious moral fatigue and political obscurantism on the part of some of his fellow officers that are menacing. But the great virtue of a record like this, in a time like our own, is that it does bring, almost unwittingly, so much reflection and power of commentary; it becomes,

[1] First Harvest, by Vladimir Pozner. Translated from the French, by Haakon Chevalier. New York: The Viking Press. 242 pages. $2.50.

[2] Barrack 3, Room 12, by Marcel Haedrich. Translated from the French by Katherine Woods. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 229 pages. $2.50.

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to extend Emerson's remark on his own journal, a savings-bank for the understanding. Haedrich's notebook is not to be thought of in terms of the great symbolic legends of fascism, like Silone's or Bernanos', or Odon von Horvath's. But he has faced his experience squarely, and he has humility (which is not the same thing as political weakness), and he wants to understand fully what he has seen. He has, as it would seem, only a wound, where your typical anti-Nazi novelist has his bow, his militancy and his slogan. But one can learn from the wound, as men today learn more from parables than from photographs.

ALFRED KAZIN

Too Late for Herpicide

Gideon Planish, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Random House. 438 pages. $2.50

WITH "MAIN STREET" and "Babbitt" Sinclair Lewis elevated himself to membership in one of the great generations of American novelists. As he said with just humility, the Nobel Prize that he received could have been given with equal justice to Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Edith Wharton or Willa Cather. "Arrowsmith" and "Dodsworth" added to his prestige, if today they seem less alive than the novels that catapulted him to fame. After "Dodsworth" his decline was catastrophic, but symptoms of disaster had always been evident, not only in such worthless early work as "Mantrap" and "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" but also in a certain surface approach to character and a lack of any genuine intellectual distinction in all his writing, and emphatically in "Elmer Gantry," which appeared in 1927.

Because in 1935 writing was universally judged by political criteria, the enormous gap between conception and realization in "It Can't Happen Here" was hardly noticed, and Lewis was to some degree rehabilitated in the minds of those who had winced at "Ann Vickers" and "Work of Art" and were to shudder at "The Prodigal Parents" and "Bethel Merriday." Now in "Gideon Planish" a painful fusion of the worst of "Elmer Gantry" and "It Can't Happen Here" takes place; the misfiring satirist of the one book collaborates with the naïve anti-fascist of the other to produce what is certainly one of the poorest books by an American writer of genuine talent. Beside it "The 'Genius,'" "Beyond Desire" and "Adventures of a Young Man" are miracles of lucidity and control. It exhibits all the weaknesses of Dos Passos' account of native fascism in "Number One," but if the latter book is not one of its author's best, it has far less of the political innocence, the absurd caricature and downright bad writing of Lewis' latest novel.

"Gideon Planish" carries the title-character from his brash youth in the Middle West to the present time when he is the paid propagandist for a pair of American proto-fascist politicians, one of whom talks like Henry Luce and the other of whom looks like Wendell Willkie. Between times he is successively dean of a freshwater Ohio college, promoter of dubious philanthropic causes and lobbyist for an anti-labor, anti-Semitic organization. Whenever his nerve fails him or his conscience threatens, his wife—shrewd, selfish and ruthless for all her coy femininity—is on hand to play Lady Macbeth to his wavering ambition. Occasionally Lewis' hatred of the phony, the cheap and the vicious achieves a passionate dignity, but for the most part the characters are such straw-men, their speech so exaggerated (frequently the idiom and slang are ten years out of date) and the action such a travesty of our recent national experience as to be meaningless as social analysis.

"Number One" and "Gideon Planish" ideologically are the efforts of two of the archetypal writers of successive generations that harshly criticized America to find in our traditions and experience a basis of positive belief. For Dos Passos the search will doubtless end in the older liberalism and individualism which he has eloquently evoked elsewhere, notably in the "Camera Eye" passages of "The Big Money" that deal with the Sacco-Vanzetti case and Harlan County. For Lewis the search seems to be ending on a side of Main Street that he did not tell us about twenty years ago, perhaps because it has never existed to the degree he would like us now to believe.

Near the end of "Main Street" Carol Kennicott leaves Gopher Prairie for Washington, but eventually she surrenders and returns to Will and the virulent small town. In the closing chapters of "Gideon Planish" the hero attempts to escape from his miserable life in New York to the peace and security of a counterpart of Gopher Prairie, but in the end he too surrenders to his dominating wife and the malevolent city. In Carol's case the dénouement was genuinely, if romantically, tragic. One hardly gives a damn what happens to Gideon.

"Main Street" and "Babbitt" came out of the belly and brain of a man; "Gideon Planish" is strictly off the cuff. It is enough to make H. L. Mencken turn over in his literary grave.

GEORGE MAYBERRY

The Warning of Colney Hatch

The Thousand-Year Conspiracy: Secret Germany Behind the Mask, by Paul Winkler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 381 pages. $2.75.

THERE ARE FOUR BOOKS within the covers of this volume. In my opinion, the four have little in common but the covers. Individually, they may be acceptable; bound together, they offer no intelligible pattern. The title is not so much a bona-fide thesis as an obvious trick of salesmanship.

Book No. 1: The Teutonic Knights were conquerors rather than crusaders. With the Cross on their breast, they worshiped the un-Christian, anti-Christian motives: greed, force and pride. The Prussian Junkers are, spiritually, their descendants.

Book No. 2: There was in medieval Westphalia a secret society, the *Vehme* or *Fehme*, which judged and executed its enemies. There was something "Fehmic" about the murder of the democratic leaders under the Weimar Republic; *ergo*, that "Ancient Order of Lizards" (*sic*) is still at work.

Book No. 3: A story of the Weimar Republic and the rise of the Nazis to power. On the whole, the story is told from the Strasser point of view: original Nazism was the

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party of the common man, but Hitler, through sheer personal ambition, sold out to the Heavy Industry interests and to Junkerdom; now he is only their tool.

Book No. 4: A breath-taking survey of our civilization; on the one hand, the Downward Progression: barbarian mentality, feudal system, Prusso-Teutonic conspiracy and contemporary Nazi ambitions; on the other hand, Greek civilization, Roman legal school of thought, Judeo-Christian religions, humanitarian movements, modern social doctrines and democratic traditions. With the author's incurable romanticism, even that sunlit development is clouded with dark "mysteries": the source of our culture is to be found in the Egyptian mysteries (as Cagliostro, the Grand Copht, contended). Then that esoteric lore branched into the Eleusinian mysteries and the secret teachings of the Jews, to unite again and form "Christianity and Western Civilization." We might define this philosophy: "History as propounded by veiled and turbaned crystal-gazers."

There is a confusion, we are told, that is the the sign of abysmal profundity. The Germans are particularly fond of it; they have a way of suddenly appearing from the *Ur*, and no less suddenly vanishing into the *Abgrund;* in their brief flight from darkness into darkness, they utter ominous, cryptic words. The confusion of this book is not abysmal, but journalistic. Personally, I like my "mysteries" and "amazing stories" straight: if I want that kind of entertainment, I go to Phillips Oppenheim or Edgar Wallace. And I like history straight—although I have never been able to find that fabulous article.

I am not questioning the facts adduced by Paul Winkler, nor the immediate inferences. I do question the link implied by the title. The Teutonic Knights had the faults and the virtues of borderland fighters. A minority, they had to stick together. Subjugating a more primitive population, they developed an aristocratic mentality, and obtained privileges. In this they closely resembled the Spaniards in the New World, or the British and the French in their possessions: we have just discovered that the Algerian colonists were by no means orthodox democrats.

The Knights were secularized; *Bettel Junker* flocked to Prussia from other parts of Germany. This nobility did not create "the feudal system" (who did? and was there ever a feudal *system?*); but it remained very feudal in spirit. The Grand Elector managed to tame his fractious nobles by turning them into officers and officials, just as Louis XIV tamed his nobles by turning them into courtiers. Naturally, in both cases, the aristocracy colored and almost absorbed the state which it served. Under absolute kings, Prussia became a military bureaucracy, and eighteenth-century France the paradise of court favorites.

That militant bureaucracy had at first no national, and especially no Pan-German, feeling. Frederick the Great himself spent his life fighting other German princes with the aid of foreigners. Even Bismarck was Prussian rather than German. His great achievement, in a war between Prussia and the Western and Southern German States, was to expel Austria from the Germanic body.

As for the Fehme: murders at the instigation of some secret society are an ancient and a universal story. There is nothing specially Germanic about it. Here the "comparative" method might be of use. I am jotting down, at random, a list of groups which have been accused—or have boasted—of using murder as their instrument: the Old Man of the Mountain and his sect of Assassins; the Council of Ten in Venice; the Mormons and their Danites; the Santa Hermandad in Spain; the Jesuits (*cf.* Eugène Sue), the Inquisition, the Jews, the Free Masons; the Carbonari, the Mafia, the Mano Negra; the Knights Templars, the Ku Klux Klan, the Cagoulards; the Fascisti, the Bolsheviki and the labor unions. If Kurt Eisner and Walter Rathenau were killed, so was Matteotti, so were quite a few Russians including Trotsky, so were Jaurès, Marx Dormoy—and Darlan; and so Léon Blum might have been, if Charles Maurras (of the French Academy) had had his way.

That the German murderers revived the name and some forms of the Fehme proves no filiation, no thousand-year conspiracy. It is just a touch of historico-romantic coloring. In the same way, Bülow (and even Heine) clothed their aspiration toward a reunited Germany in terms of the Barbarossa legend. Even after 1919, there was a *Kyffhäuserbund.*

The book, with its mixture of weird medievalism, contemporary politics and grandiose shimmering philosophy, affords absolutely no clue to the Nazi problem. That problem, of course, has a specifically German aspect. The Germans were demoralized by the fact that Frederick the Great and Bismarck, against whom they fought, "got away with it." The ruler, by the test of immediate material success, was proved right against morality and the will of the people. Louis XIV and Napoleon had the same faults; but they were humbled at the end, leaving the French mind better purged from Superman-worship. Then it took a unique and complicated series of worldwide circumstances —the sabotage of Wilsonism by a Senate minority, the rise of communism in Russia and its tragic record, the American depression—to make the Germany of Kant, Goethe and Beethoven fall a prey to the crudest form of imperial nationalism.

Do not misunderstand me: I am not finding excuses for the German leaders, or even for the German people. I have never been an appeaser. I believe crimes have been committed which must be atoned for: in the case of the Nazi chiefs, through the death penalty; in the case of the Junkers, by depriving them of their instrument, the army, and of their economic support, their landed estates; in the case of the Germans as a whole, by seeing to it that they do not emerge from the war better off than their victims. All this is elementary. It is an essential part of the immediate crisis. It is not a policy for the world of tomorrow.

What we must realize, and what Winkler does not help us in the least to realize, is that the cause of conflict is ever the spirit of privilege placed above justice and truth. Class privilege, race privilege, national privilege: the right of the rich, the strong and the "well born" to establish and perpetuate injustice, *quia nominor leo.* Hitler has simply democratized the idea of caste: every German, by right of birth, is entitled to lord it over the lesser breeds. All Germans stand together, one in blood, interests, thought and creed: this is Totalitarianism, but also Nationalism, sometimes called *Hundred-Percentism.* And that single German entity of which they are part and parcel must rule the

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world: this is "Imperialism," which, translated into "God's own language," becomes "Manifest Destiny."

National-Imperialism is not German merely, but the most insidious and most universal of diseases. We find it among small and medium-sized nations as well as among world leaders: in Paraguay, Thailand or Poland as well as in Italy or Japan. We must not allow a Hitlerian fifth column within our own hearts; we must suppress the Hitler lurking in us, ever ready to cry: "My country, right or wrong!"

We must place justice above group interests, even though they should call themselves *sacred:* else our victory would substitute one imperialism for another. At Colney Hatch, an English insane asylum, an inmate claimed that he was Jesus Christ. Someone whispered to a visitor: "Poor fellow! He is crazy. I know, for I am God the Father, and I am sure he is not my son." *Lector, de te fabula.* The Germans believe they are destined to rule the world. They are mad. Does not everybody know that this is to be "the American Century"?

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Science and Mysticism

Physics and Philosophy, by Sir James Jeans. Cambridge, Eng.: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Company. 217 pages. $2.75.

JEANS remarks in the preface that if he had to choose a subtitle for his book it might well be "The reflections of a physicist on some of the problems of philosophy," and he also remarks that his acquaintance with philosophy is simply that of an intruder. Be that as it may, Jeans's evaluation of the significance of physics is strongly colored by certain philosophical predilections, in particular by the dictum that everything in our minds was either there at birth or else entered it afterward through our senses.

The book outlines in the first place the classical physics of deterministic mechanics and absolute space and time, and then shows how many of these views about the structure of the universe unconsciously were carried over into philosophy, so that philosophy actually reflected in large degree the state of physical knowledge, instead of being the autonomous, purely logical structure that philosophers sometimes idealize for themselves. Jeans then expounds in great detail, with a wealth of illustration and without mathematics, the impact of the new physics, relativity theory and wave mechanics, and shows how these have forced the abandonment of the old pictures of absolute space and time and causality, and the substitution of statistical methods.

Jeans's account of the new physics is highly colored by his own personal bias, and must not be taken by any means as representing the consensus of physicists. He is fascinated still by mathematics—it is true that his "God is a mathematician" obsession is not so prominent as in one of his earlier books, but it still pretty much controls his thinking. That mathematics reeks of its human origin must be obvious to anyone who has assessed the significance of the violent and still unsettled controversies among mathematicians about the foundations of their subject, but of this there is no hint. He gives an entirely misleading impression by his complacent assumption that the new wave mechanics is the last word and final solution—"the new quantum theory . . . has provided a mathematical description of the pattern of events which is believed to be complete and perfect." As a matter of fact it is not yet known to what extent the quantum theory is applicable to the nucleus of the atom, and there are grave puzzles still outstanding. The Heisenberg formulation of wave mechanics is not generally accepted as the most fundamental, as Jeans implies. The very persuasiveness of Jeans's exposition is dangerous; it reads with the lilt of logical cogency, but as a matter of fact it is full of wide-open holes, and the end effect is only too likely to be stultification of the reader.

In view of the historical connection between classical physics and philosophy, it is to be expected that the reaction on philosophy of the upheaval in physics must be profound. Jeans does not see this reaction as one that has yet occurred, but it is for the future. His summing up of the present situation is most moderate: "But the plain fact is that there are no conclusions. If we must state a conclusion it would be that many of the former conclusions of nineteenth-century physics on philosophical questions are once again in the melting pot. Just because of this, we cannot state any positive conclusions of any kind, as for instance that materialism is dead, or that a deterministic interpretation of the world is obsolete, but we can say that determinism and freedom, matter and materialism, need to be redefined in the light of our new scientific knowledge" (p. 216).

Nevertheless, in spite of the moderation of the conclusion, I believe that the influence of the book as a whole may prove to be pernicious, because of Jeans's persistent slant toward a fuzzy mysticism, for which only too many people are anxious to find scientific justification. Like a refrain through the whole book runs the contention that "Our studies can never put us into contact with reality; we can never penetrate beyond the impressions that reality implants in our minds." In spite, however, of the ostensibly inscrutable character of reality, Jeans thinks we are not entirely helpless, but can have at least a peek behind the veil by means of two new philosophical principles. He thinks that "probable" knowledge may be had of reality, although certain knowledge is in the nature of things impossible, and the criterion by which we can evaluate the probability of truth is simplicity. Of two pictures of reality, the simpler one is more likely to be true.

It seems to me that Jeans entirely misses the significance of the recent developments in physics. It is true that the experience of physics should react upon philosophy, but the connection is not what he sees. There is no connection between the details of physical theory and philosophy; Heisenberg's principle of indetermination, for example, has absolutely no bearing on the problem of free will. As H. N. Russell recently remarked, what an enormous amount of grief would have been spared if the principle had been named in the first place "the principle of limited measurability," as Max Born proposed too late. The significance for philosophy of recent experience in physics lies in the fact that both physics and philosophy are intellectual enterprises. Physics has discovered that its intellectual technique was faulty in many respects; it was often mistaken with regard to what it was actually doing, with regard to what it wanted to do, and with regard to what it might reasonably hope to do. It is patent to anyone who, like myself, stands far enough outside philosophy, that philosophy is in the same boat. Physics found that in many situations in

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which meanings were obscure or not defined a helpful clarification was effected by an analysis of what one does in assuring oneself that one has a right to use a given term in a given situation. The meaning of the statement "there is an absolute space" is clarified by an examination of what one does to prove that it is true that there is an absolute space. The same technique is applicable to many of the terms and the problems of philosophy. Jeans makes no mention of the logical positivists, who are, it seems to me, the one group among philosophers who have most taken to heart the lessons of modern physics. They have emphasized that under a technique of analysis similar to the one suggested above, many of the problems of philosophy become so altered that they become mere "pseudo-problems." If Jeans would only analyze what he would have to do in order to prove the truth of his statements, "Our studies can never put us into contact with reality" and "There is a certain presumption . . . that reality is wholly mental," I think he would have to see that the whole context in which these statements can have meaning is so predominantly verbal that he would not be able to bring himself ever to mention the word "reality" again.

P. W. BRIDGMAN

The Ullstein Saga

The Rise and Fall of the House of Ullstein, by Herman Ullstein. New York: Simon and Schuster. 308 pages. $3.

UP TO THE COMING OF HITLER, the Ullsteins were the owners of the most important publishing house, not merely of Germany, but of all Europe. The memoirs of a member of this family should therefore yield valuable inside information. For this reason it is more than regrettable that Herman Ullstein's book does not quite live up to expectations. It is as unsatisfactory on journalistic history as it is on current events.

Herman Ullstein is the youngest of five brothers who brought about the stupendous rise of the publishing firm founded by their father in 1877. Its rise, which took place within the three decades from 1898 to 1928, makes a marvelous success story. The period of its decline, 1928-33, is packed with events of a detective and spy-story nature. Its ruin, 1933-38, is illuminative of Nazi methods. The whole Ullstein saga ought to be set against the backdrop of an effervescent Germany, during her transition from the Kaiser's Empire to the Third Reich.

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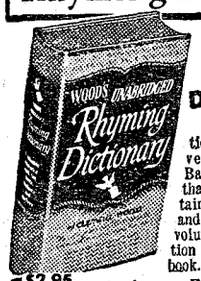

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Herman Ullstein took a leading part in the first period, that of success. He rightfully boasts in his book that he made millions of marks for his firm. However, his connection with the ensuing periods, of decline and ruin, is rather loose. For this reason, the information he gives about the events which took place after 1928 is partly second-hand and in most instances inaccurate.

More valuable are the reminiscences of the first period, though here, of course, the lapse of time dims the author's memory, and there are many slight inaccuracies.

Fortunately, Herman Ullstein knows how to tell an amusing anecdote, as, for instance, the one about the hoax one of the editors perpetrated by printing a profile-portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm in his paper and next to it the reversed profile of the same portrait, affirming it to be the likeness of a Spanish shoemaker, the Kaiser's perfect double. This scoop stirred up the envy of the entire German press, which, completely ignorant of the facts of the case, bought this tricky set of pictures from Ullstein's.

The book would be much better if it contained more of this kind of thing. Instead, Mr. Ullstein offers his own version of the fall of the Weimar Republic, which would be interesting if the author knew more about his topic. In reality, up to 1932, he misjudged the turn events were taking. It was only after Hitler had been made Chancellor that the large infiltration of fifth-columnists into the entire Ullstein set-up, from the top to the bottom, was laid open before his incredulous eyes. There was a fifth-columnist even among the directors of the firm. Mr. Ullstein omitted to mention that item in his book.

There is another true story he does not relate. In those years of the decline, when Hitler was already in the offing, a clerk in the Civil Service of the city of Berlin, a certain Goerlitzer, contributed to the Question and Answer Column of the Ullstein papers. For each answer he gave to a reader's inquiry on tax questions, he earned a fee of three marks. Herr Goerlitzer was, and is, Goebbels' deputy as *Gauleiter* of Berlin, a leading figure among the Nazis.

The ruin of the Ullsteins has been almost complete. Hitler profited by the fact that the Ullsteins were of Jewish descent to put the screws on them and wrest their firm from them "legally." At the outstart the Ullsteins were allowed to do their own "Aryanizing." All the brothers Ullstein but one had to quit active work in their firm, though they remained owners.

The respite only lasted a few months. Eventually, Hitler forced them out of business. They sold the firm in June, 1934. Who the buyer was they don't know to this day. But all the evidence points to the certainty that Hitler himself acquired the Ullstein publishing house, incidentally for a fraction of its value. The contract of sale was so cleverly drawn up that the buyer earned the money for the instalments due out of the gains the firm netted.

A golden chain was thrown around the Ullsteins. To obtain their millions, they had to stay in Germany. Thereafter laws were enacted which prevented them from taking out the millions. Herman Ullstein emigrated to this country in 1939, with ten marks in his pocket. The examining official, a fan of Ullstein books and Ullstein patterns, was amazed. "Is this the end of Ullstein's?" he asked. "Not the end of the firm," Herman replied.

CARL MISCH

A Reader's List

FANTASTIC INTERIM: A Hindsight History of American Manners, Morals and Mistakes between Versailles and Pearl Harbor, by Henry Morton Robinson (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). The alliterative subtitle indicates the tone as well as the content of this work in which Mr. Robinson uncovers the sore spots of our recent history and then abruptly substitutes colorful rhetoric for precise analysis of the basic social and economic factors of the period. His recapitulation of the era is marred by the fact that he pulls no punches except the main one.

SLAVES NEED NO LEADERS, by Walter M. Kotschnig (Oxford, $2.75). A hard-fighting book pleading for sanity in international education. The first part surveys the state of education in Europe from the last war to this one. The material is so overwhelming that it often gets out of hand, giving a generally cluttered and disorganized impression. But it is all good and valuable stuff, and the author's postwar ideas are sound and clear.

THE SMELL OF MONEY, by Matthew Head (Simon and Schuster, $2). Not since the publication of Raymond Chandler's "The Big Sleep" has a comparable talent emerged in the detective-story field. Mr. Head—who is he? The jacket blurb is mum—has hit upon a swell setting for his murder, the California estate (a sort of miniature Yaddo) of a wealthy and likable patroness of the arts. A rare collection of assorted phonies and psychopaths give Mr. Head a chance to write witty dialogue as well as delve into some scorching case histories. A literate and exhilarating job.

Contributors

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CARL MISCH was brought to the United States in 1940 by the Emergency Rescue Committee. He was for many years a columnist on the Vossische Zeitung, a Berlin newspaper, and later editor of the Pariser Tageszeitung. His latest book, published in London, is "Bismarck's Forbidden War."

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